

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU



No. 9
MARCH



10¢

MAD

THE BAD ONES ARE
COMING, MARSHALL... BUT
AS LONG AS I HOLD YOU, I AM
NOT AFRAID, FOR I KNOW
YOU ARE NOT AFRAID!



H. Kurtz



SO WHAT? SO YOU, TOO, CAN JOIN THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!

FOR AN *INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP*, FILL OUT THE *COUPON* AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF *FIVE OR MORE* OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN *AUTHORIZED CHAPTER*, ENCLOSE *EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS*, ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR *EACH NAME*, AND INDICATE THE *NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT*. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS *CHAPTER NUMBER*. *EVERY MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL*, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT *DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL*.

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK 12, N.Y.

SO, ALL RIGHT! SO HERE'S MY TWO BITS. SO MAKE ME A MEMBER, ALREADY, AND SEND ME THE THINGS AND STUFF LIKE WHAT THE KID UP THERE GOT... SO!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____

STATE _____

GIRL-AND-DOG-TYPE-STORY DEPT.: TAKE A HOMELESS, LONELY, ORPHAN-CHILD GIRL!... ADD A FAITHFUL, LOVEABLE, HIGHLY INTELLIGENT MUTT-DOG... AND YOU HAVE A COMIC STRIP THAT'LL TUG AT YOUR HEART-STRINGS AND LOOSEN YOUR PURSE-STRINGS!... AND SO WE PRESENT... A GIRL NAMED MELVIN AND A DOG NAMED GRAVEL, IN...

LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN!

HARK, SAHIB
DADDY PEACEBUCKS!
IT IS LITTLE ORPHAN
MELVIN! OBSERVE THE
LITTLE PRINCESS TALKING
TO HERSELF AS USUAL...
SPEAKING PROFOUND
PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS!

POOR LITTLE
TYKE... LOOKING
FOR A GRUBSTAKE,
NO DOUBT!... BUT
WE CANNOT HELP
HER, PUNJOKE!
... WE HAVE IM-
PORTANT THINGS
TO DO... PLACES
TO GO!... THERE'S
A NEW HAIR TONIC
I MUST TRACK
DOWN!

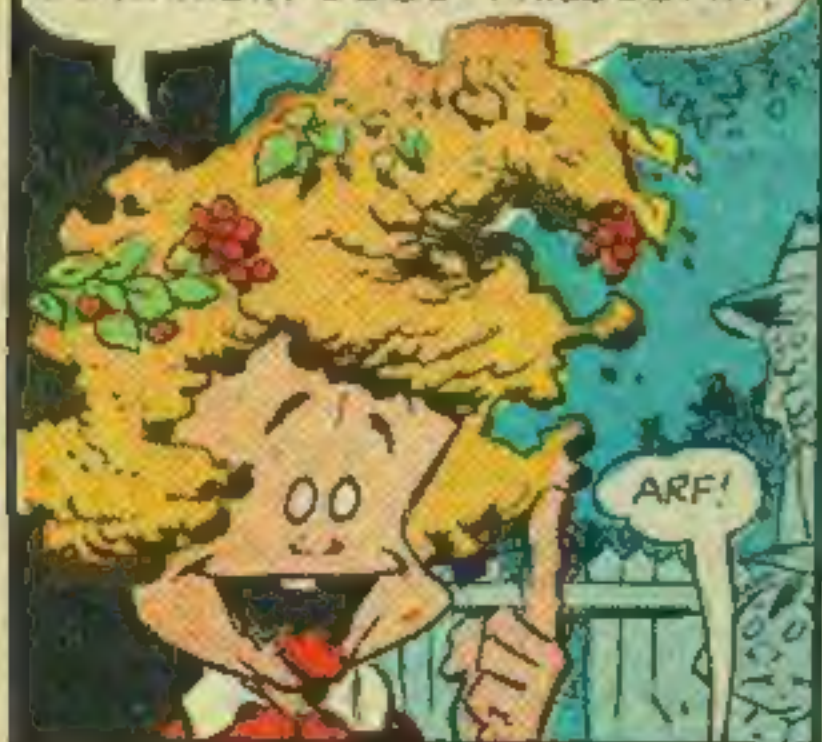
She walks in beauty
like the night
Of cloudless climes
and starry skies
And all that's best
of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect
and her eyes.

Byron



wood.

...YES, GRAVEL... LOOKS TO US
SIMPLE FOLK LIKE THE WORLD'S IN
A POWERFUL MESS! TO QUOTE
A SIMPLE PHILOSOPHICAL IDEA...
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE!
...NOT THAT THAT HAS MUCH TO DO
WITH THIS STORY, BUT THAT'S
DOWNRIGHT GOOD PHILOSOPHY!

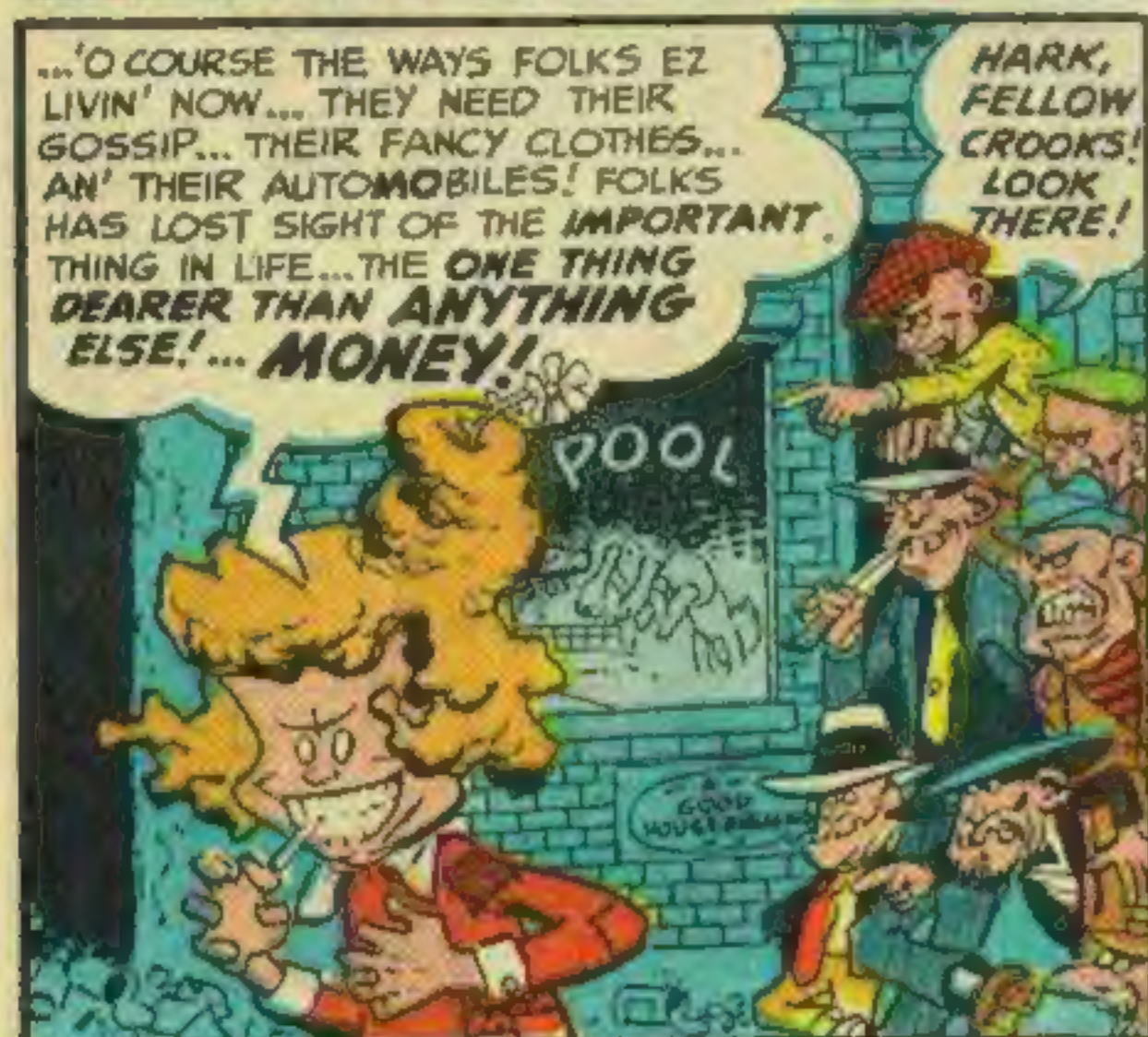


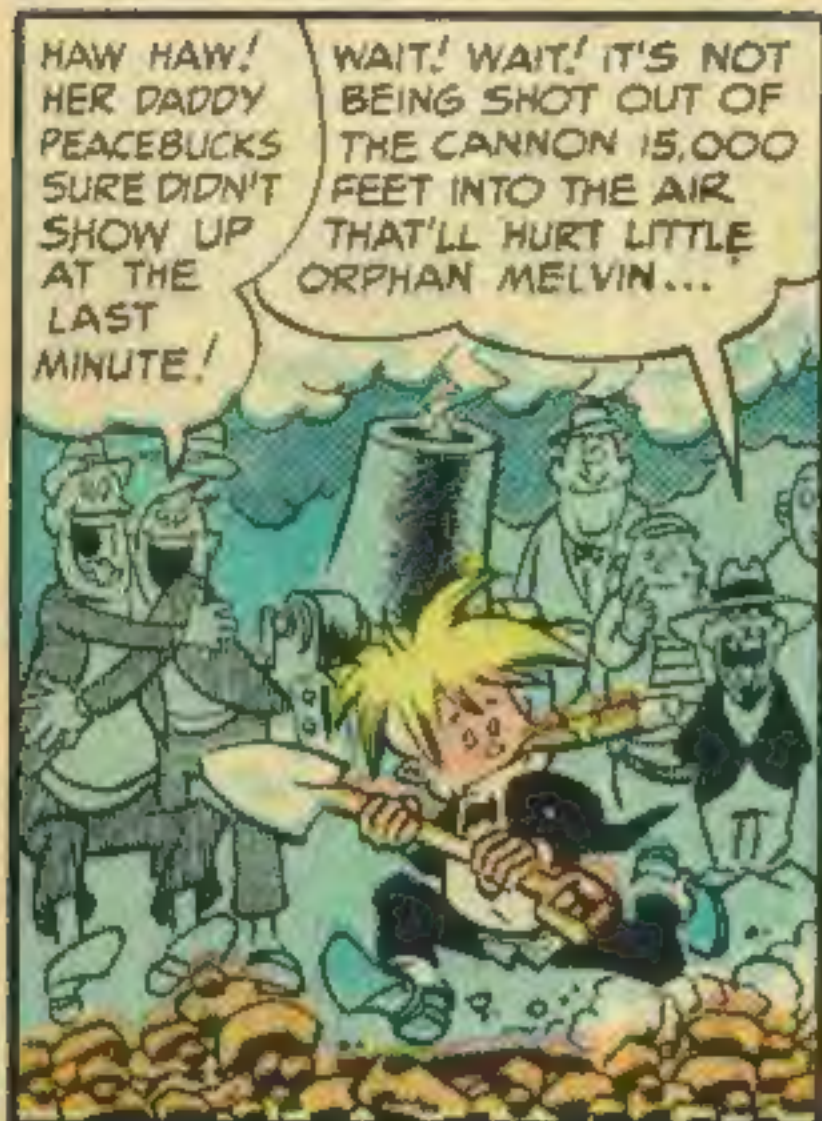
O' COURSE US SIMPLE FOLK DON'T
KNOW MUCH ABOUT PHILOSOPHY,
BUT AS PLINY (THE YOUNGER)
ONCE SAID: IMPENSA MONUMENTI
SUPERVACUA EST: MEMORIA
NOSTRA DURABIT, SI VITA
MERVIMUS!



... COURSE, SIMPLE FOLK LIKE US
DON'T KNOW MUCH 'BOUT
POLITICS EITHER, BUT 'PEARS TO
ME THAT IF THE CURRENCY VALUES
IN THE WORLD MONETARY FUND
WERE DEFLATED TO MEET
SPIRALING REVENUES, ECONOMIC
COLLAPSE COULD BE AVERTED
FOR THE FURSHLUGGINER
FISCAL YEAR!







HAW HAW!
HER DADDY
PEACEBUCKS
SURE DIDN'T
SHOW UP
AT THE
LAST
MINUTE!

WAIT! WAIT! IT'S NOT
BEING SHOT OUT OF
THE CANNON 15,000
FEET INTO THE AIR
THAT'LL HURT LITTLE
ORPHAN MELVIN...



...IT'S NOT FALLING
15,000 FEET DOWN
THROUGH THE SKY THAT'LL
HURT LITTLE ORPHAN
MELVIN...



IT'S AT THE POINT
WHERE HER **HEAD**
SHALL CONTACT THE
GROUND THAT'LL
HURT LITTLE ORPHAN
MELVIN!

RIGHT!

THAT
MAKES
SENSE!

SHO
NUFF!

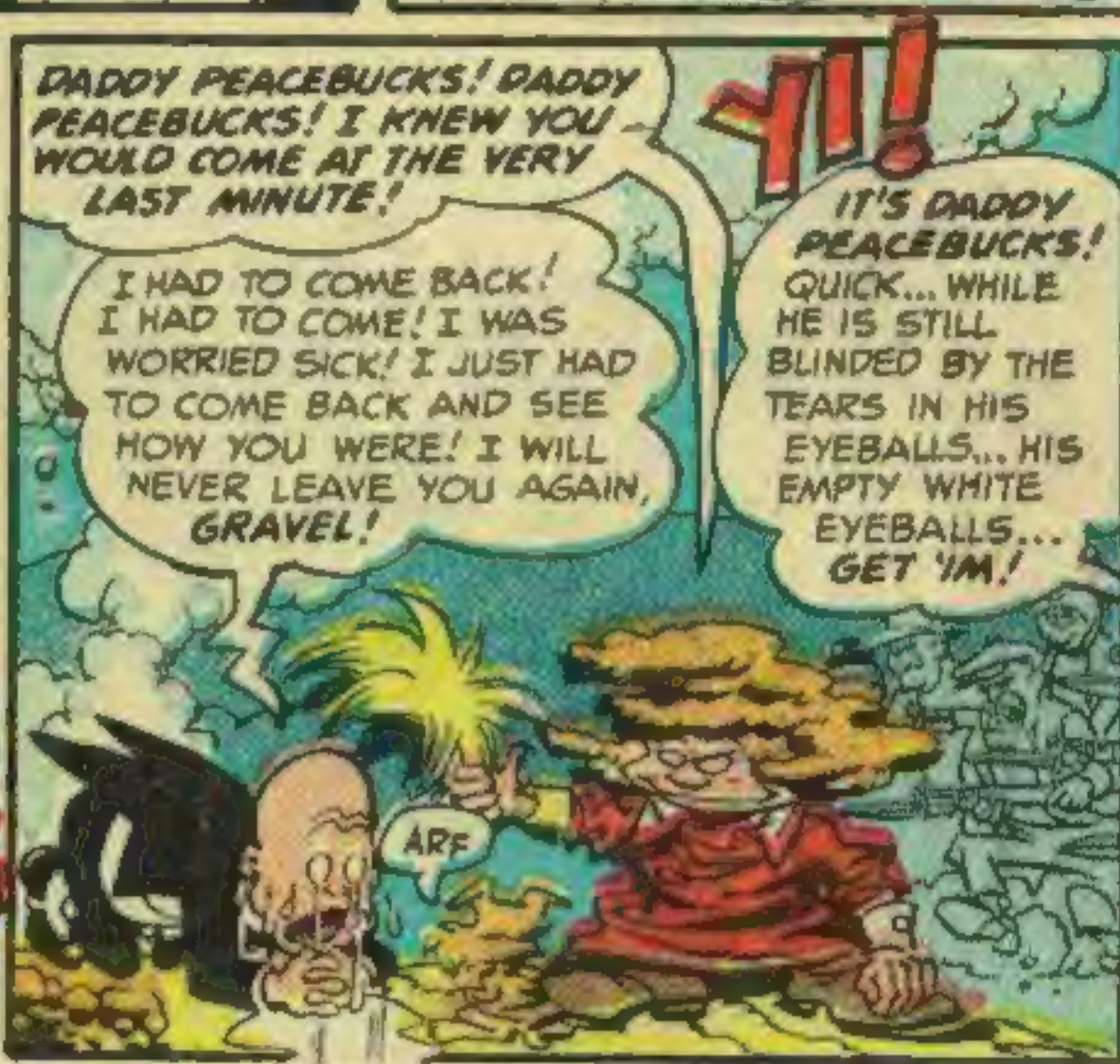
...HEY!



...LOOK! THAT STRANGER WITH THE
BUSNY TOUSELED HEAD OF HAIR... THAT
STRANGER WHO IS FIXING THE GROUND
WHERE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN IS
ABOUT TO FALL... DO YOU KNOW
WHAT ABOUT THAT STRANGER?

NO! WHAT ABOUT
THAT STRANGER?

HE BETTER USE WILD-
ROOT CREAM OIL ♪
CHAA-A-A-RLIE ♪



DADDY PEACEBUCKS! DADDY
PEACEBUCKS! I KNEW YOU
WOULD COME AT THE VERY
LAST MINUTE!

I HAD TO COME BACK!
I HAD TO COME! I WAS
WORRIED SICK! I JUST HAD
TO COME BACK AND SEE
HOW YOU WERE! I WILL
NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN,
GRAVEL!

IT'S DADDY
PEACEBUCKS!
QUICK... WHILE
HE IS STILL
BLINDED BY THE
TEARS IN HIS
EYEBALLS... HIS
EMPTY WHITE
EYEBALLS...
GET 'IM!



STANBACK!... SNAPBACK WITH
STANBACK, YOU FURSHLUGINER
CROOKS!

STAND BACK ELSE
I OPEN THIS BOX
AND YOU'LL NEVER
GUESS WHAT'S IN
THIS BOX!

KLEENEX?

NOOOOOO!

A LOCOMOTIVE?

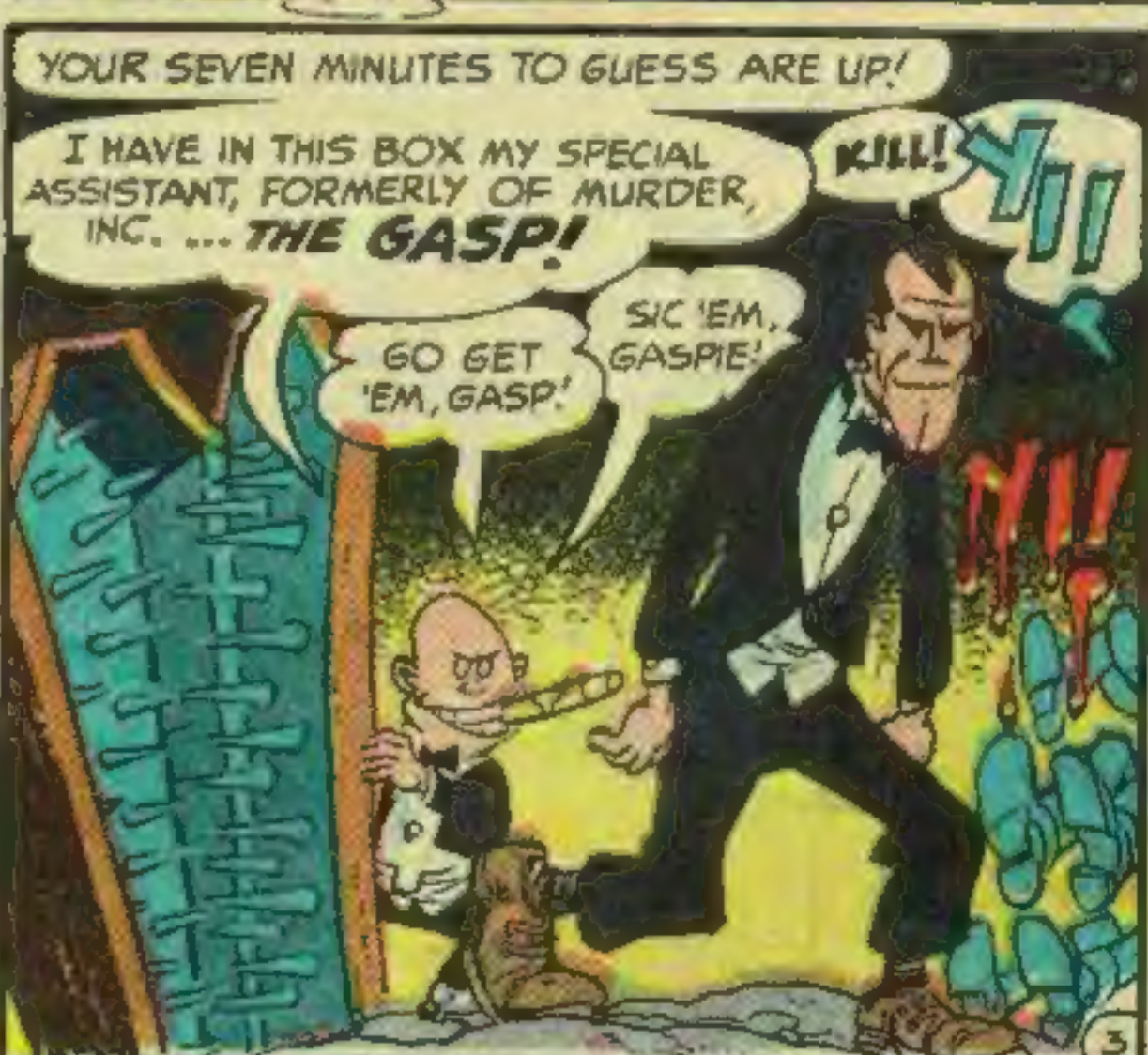
NOOOOOO!

CIGARS?

NOOOOOO!

BLINTZES?

NO!



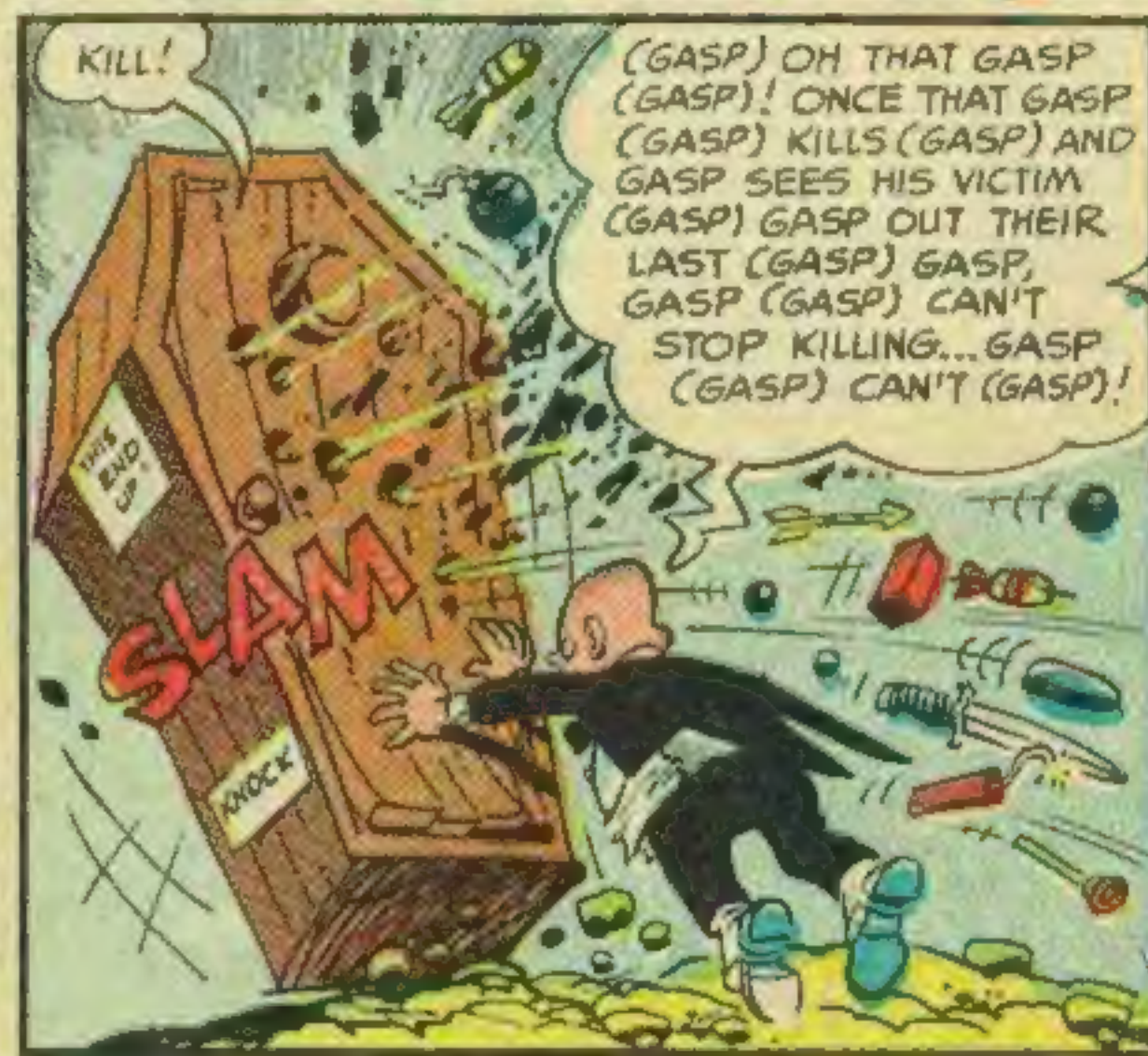
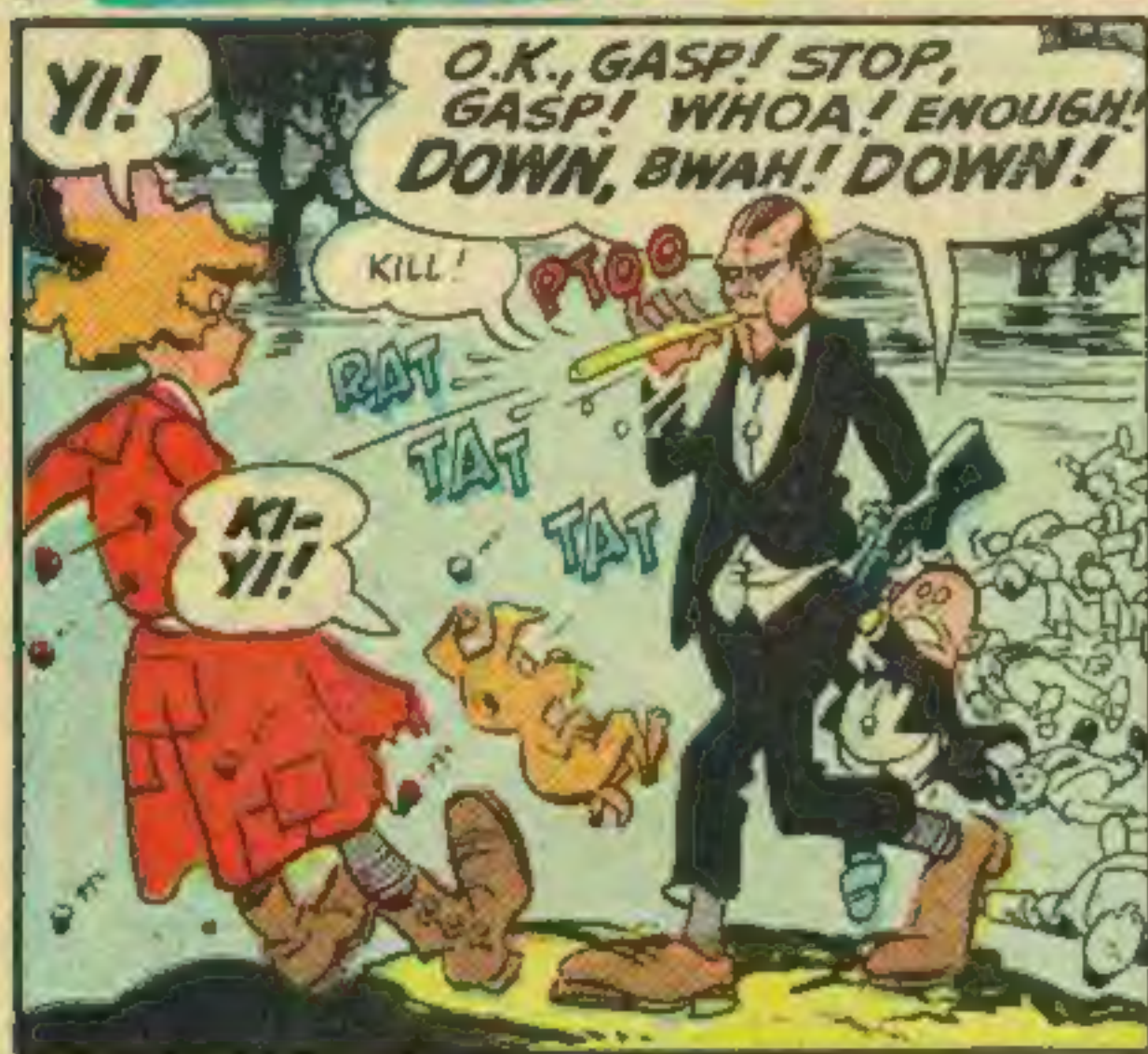
YOUR SEVEN MINUTES TO GUESS ARE UP!

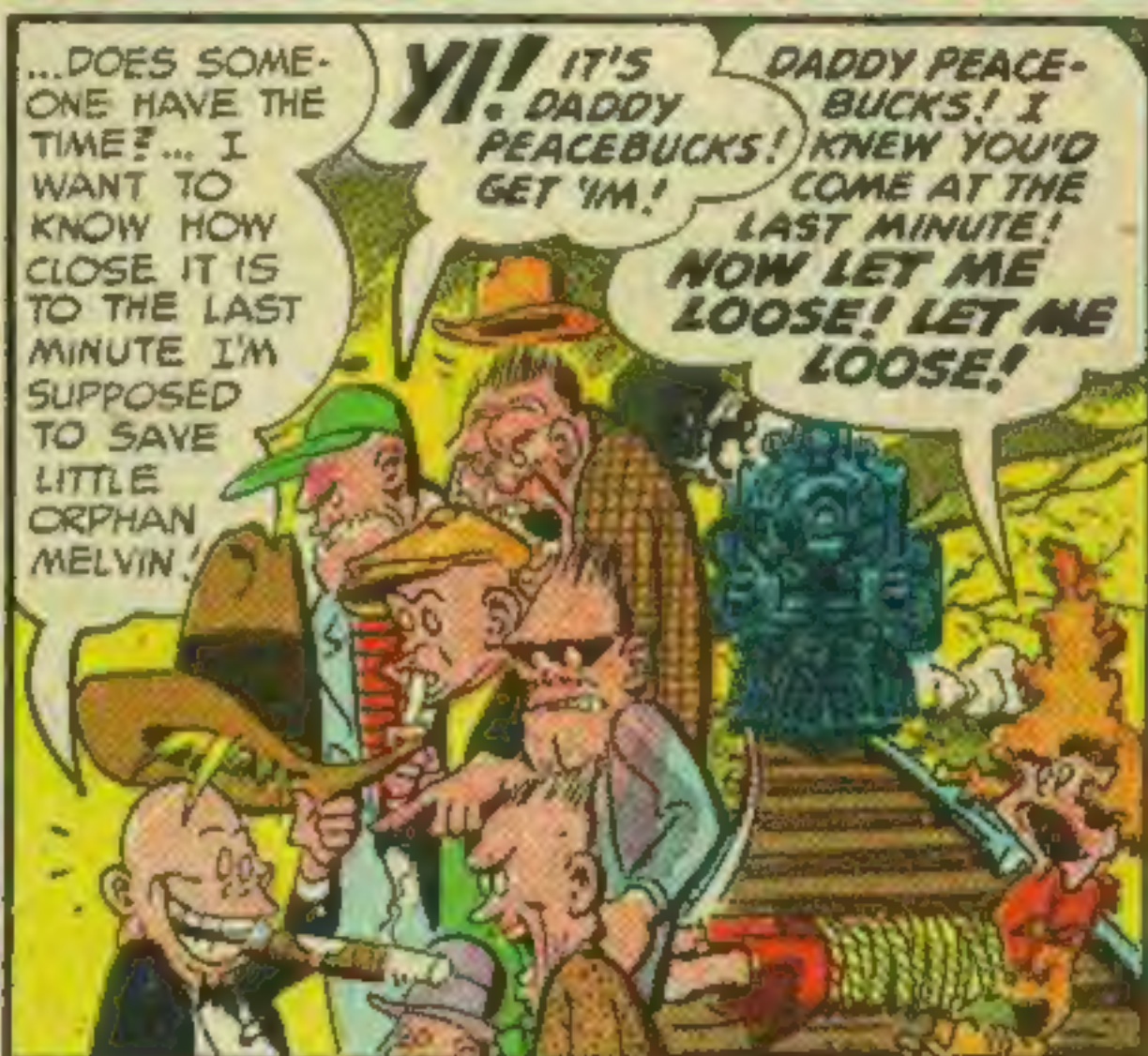
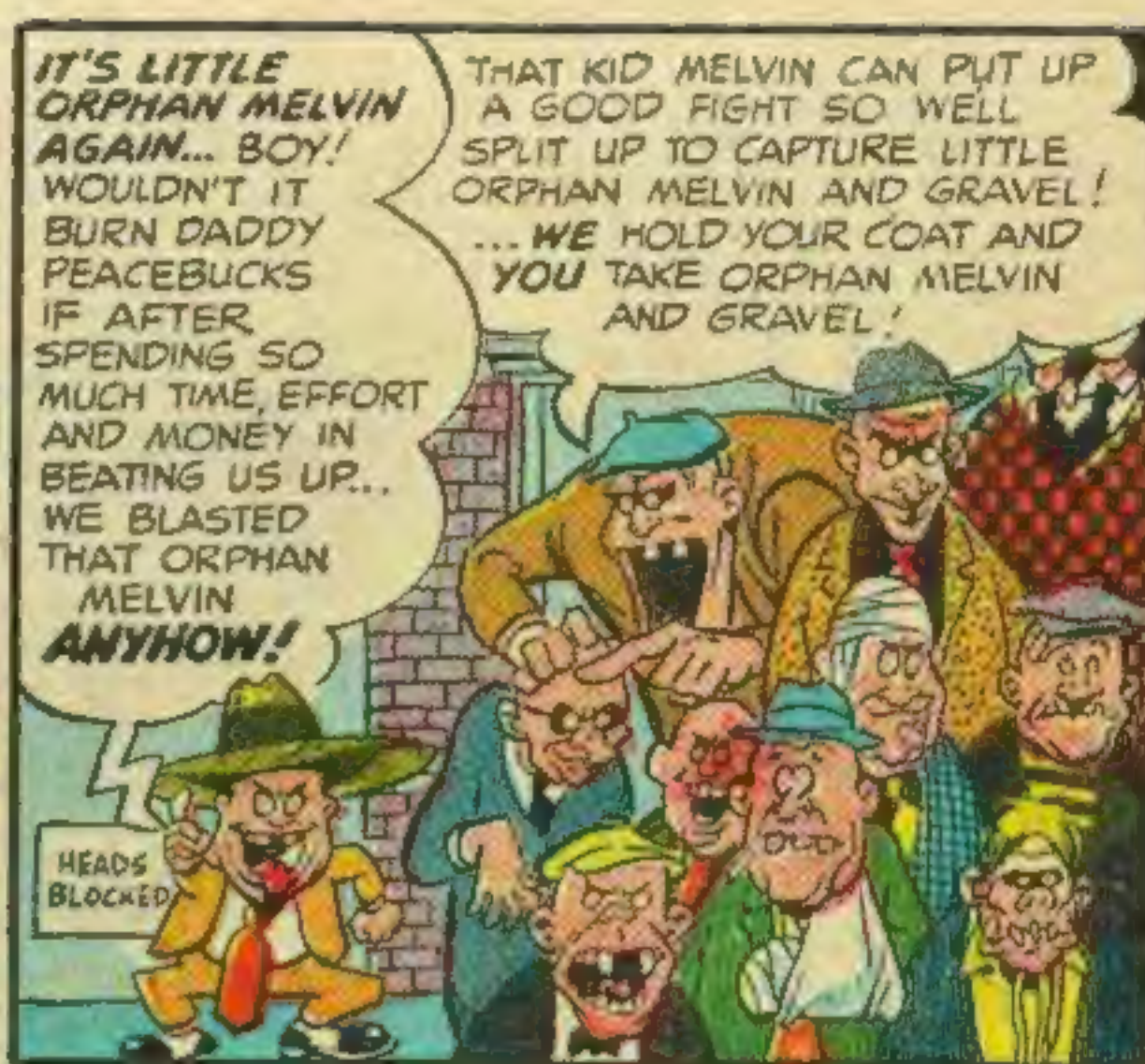
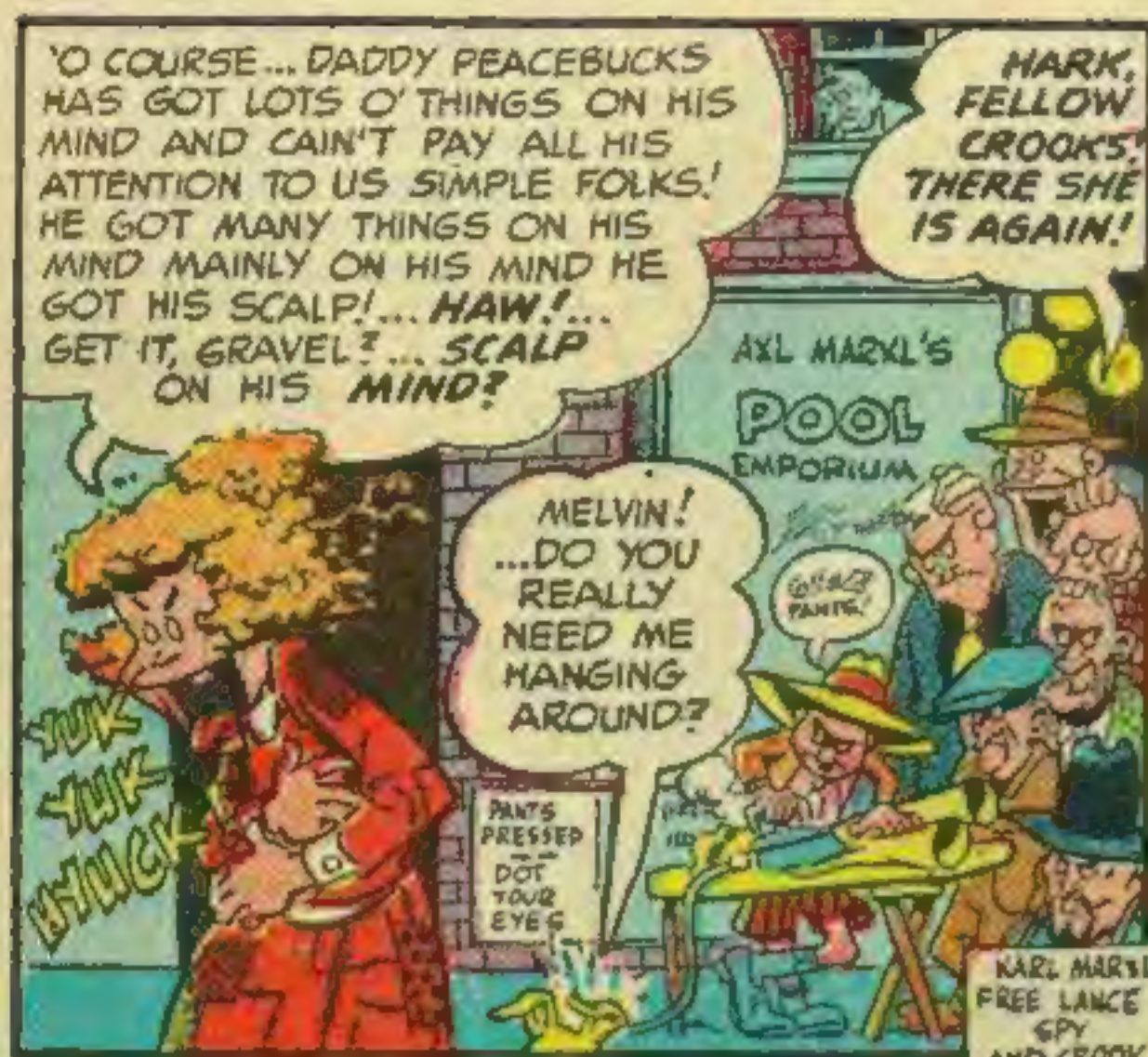
I HAVE IN THIS BOX MY SPECIAL
ASSISTANT, FORMERLY OF MURDER,
INC. ... **THE GASP!**

KILL!

GO GET
'EM, GASP!

SIC 'EM,
GASPIE!





PUNJOKE! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY SUCH RECKLESS FLYING! I'LL HAVE YOUR FLYING LICENSE REVOKED!

PLEASE, SAHIB! OBSERVE! THIS IS A HOOKED RUG AND SOMEBODY UNHOOKED ONE OF THE HOOKS!... SABOTAGE! WE'D BETTER CALL A TOW TRUCK TO TAKE THIS WRECK IN!



NO! WAIT, PUNJOKE! FIRST USE YOUR STRANGE INEXPLICABLE ORIENTAL POWERS TO GET RID OF THESE CROOKS!

AH, SAHIB!... YOU WANT ME TO SEND THEM AWAY! IT IS WELL! I TAKE MY MAGIC RUG!... I THROW IT OVER THEM! I SAY THE MAGIC WORDS... **FUR-SHLUG-GIN-ER...**



BY JOVE, PUNJOKE! HOW DID YOU DO IT? WHERE DID THEY GO TO?

SAHIB! WHEN ONE INTENDS TO SELL A COMIC BOOK, IT'S WELL ALL SWEAR WORDS TO EXPEL. HOWEVER YOU IMPEL THIS SERVANT, YOU TO TELL WHAT LAND THESE CROOKS NOW DWELL. IF TELL I MUST, I SHELL! I SENT THEM DOWN TO...

...SAHIB...



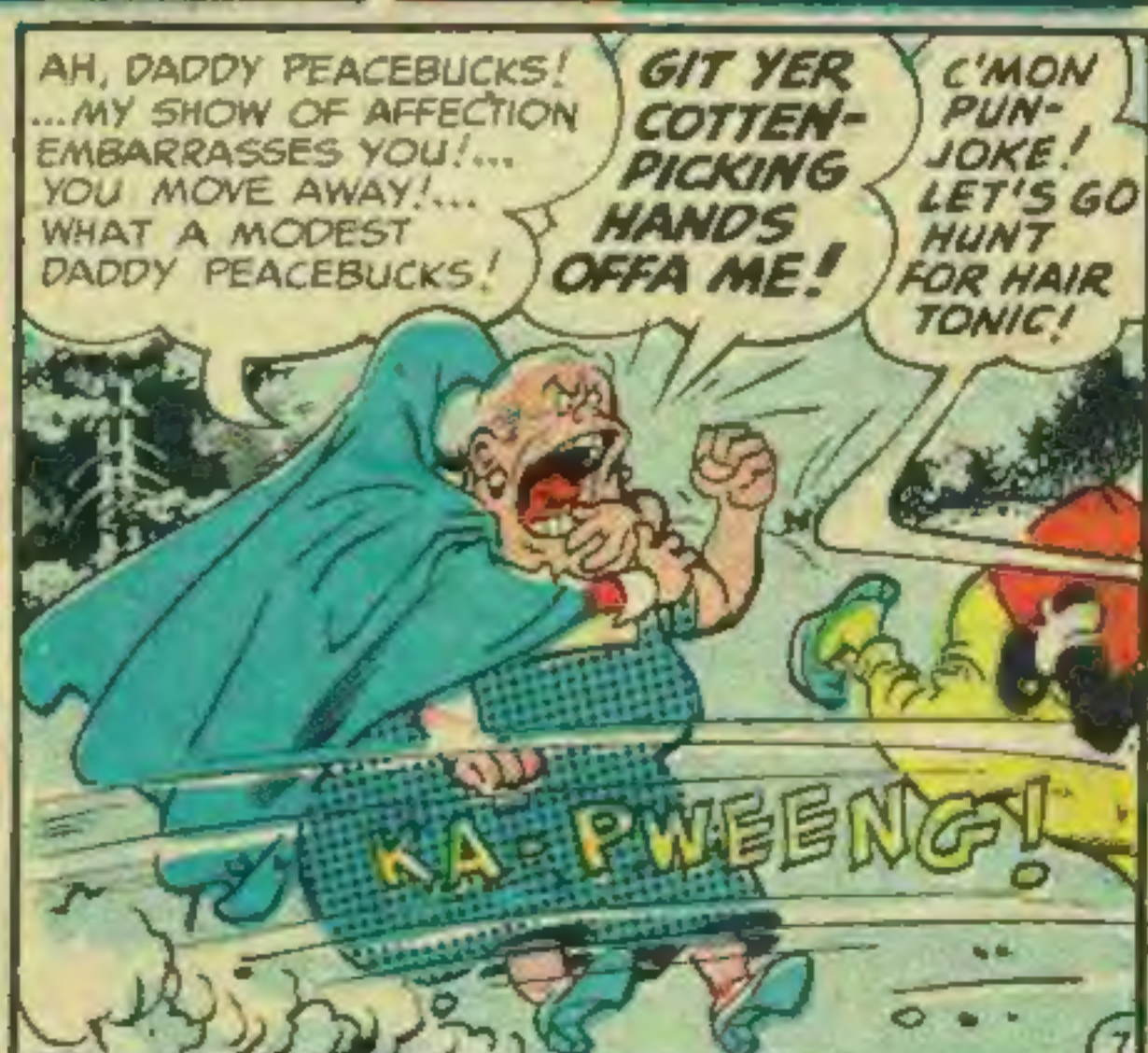
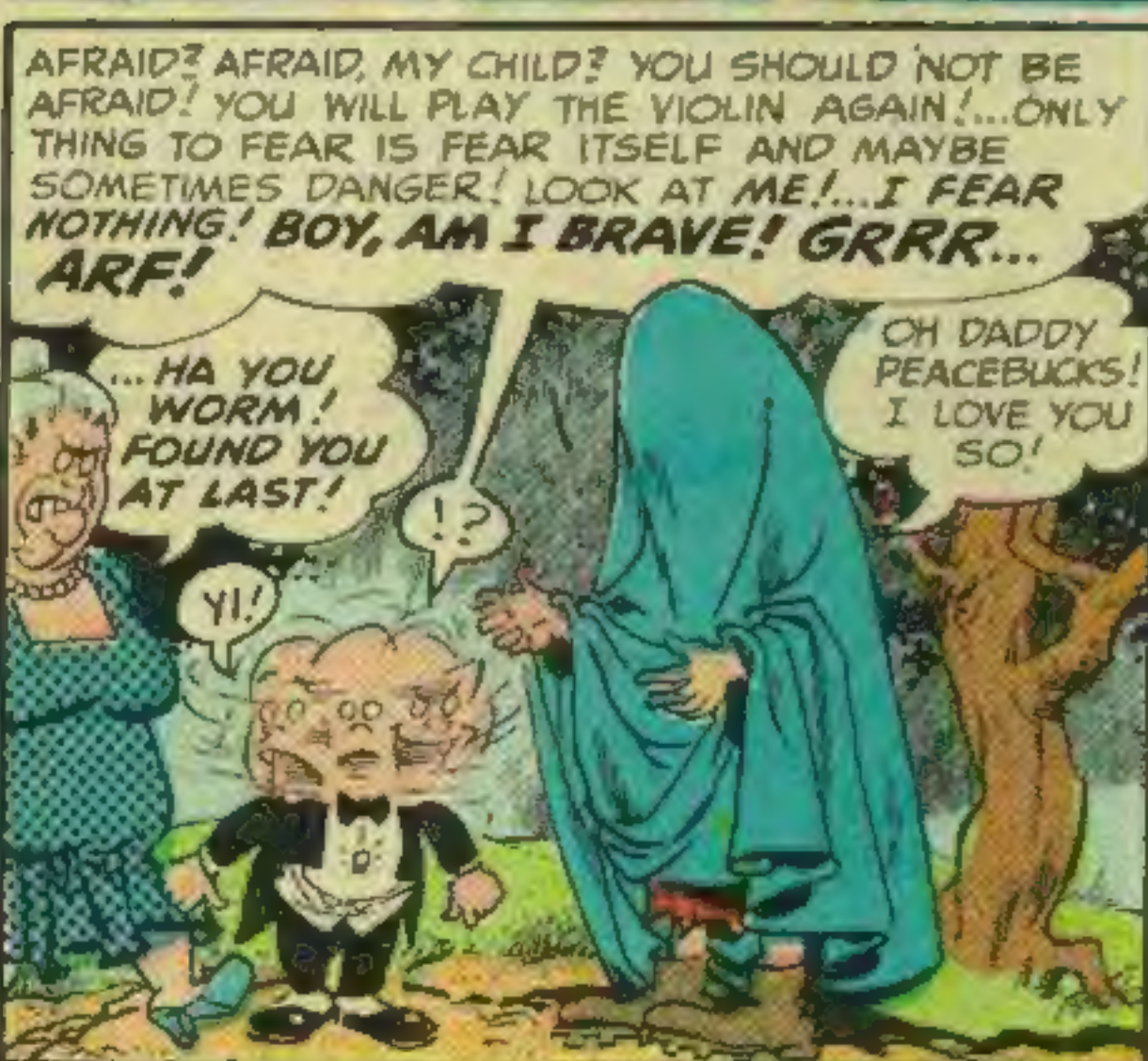
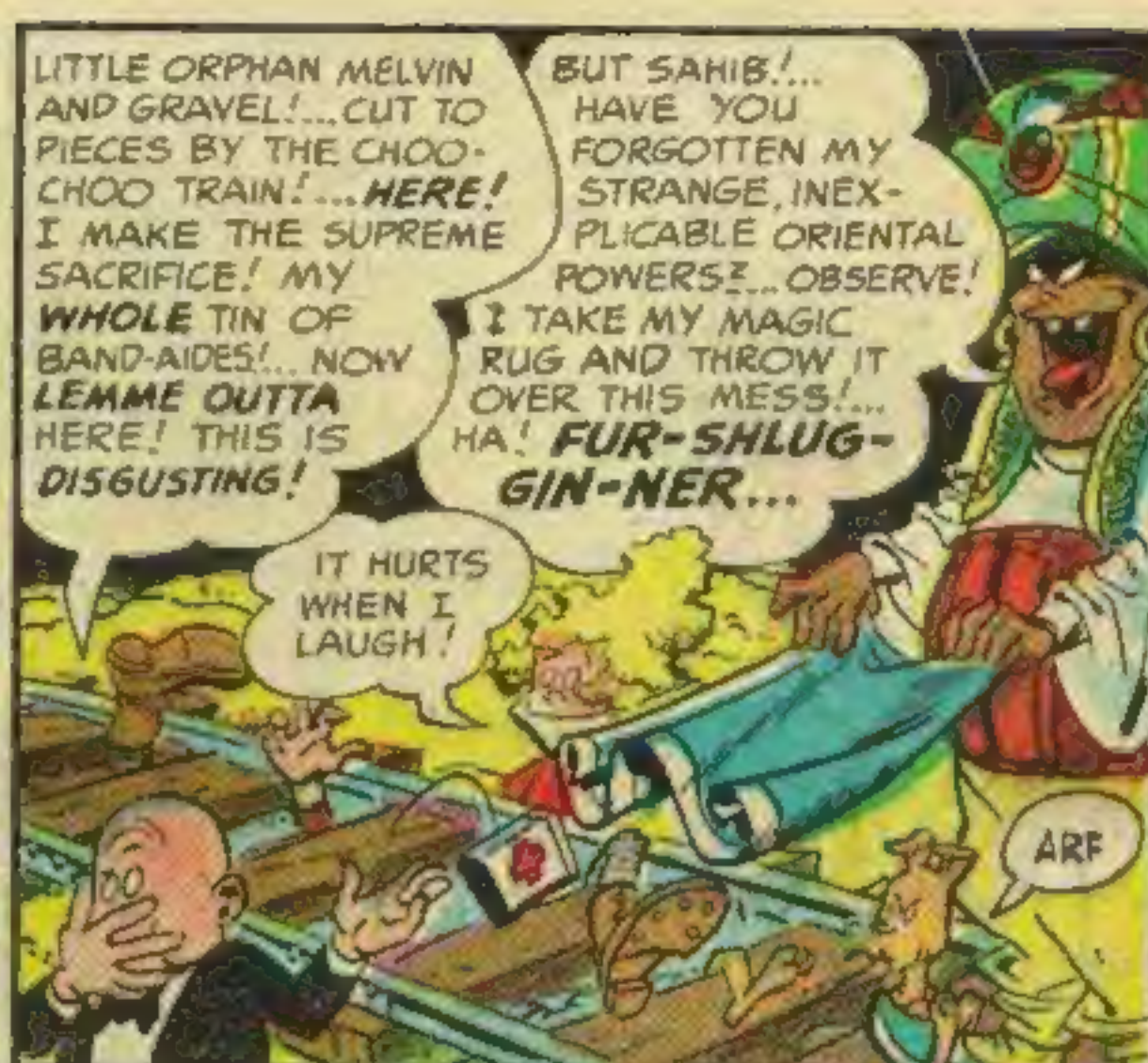
CAREFUL SAHIB! YOU ALMOST DROPPED INTO IT YOURSELF!... THE PLACE I SENT THE CROOKS DOWN INTO! ...A WELL!

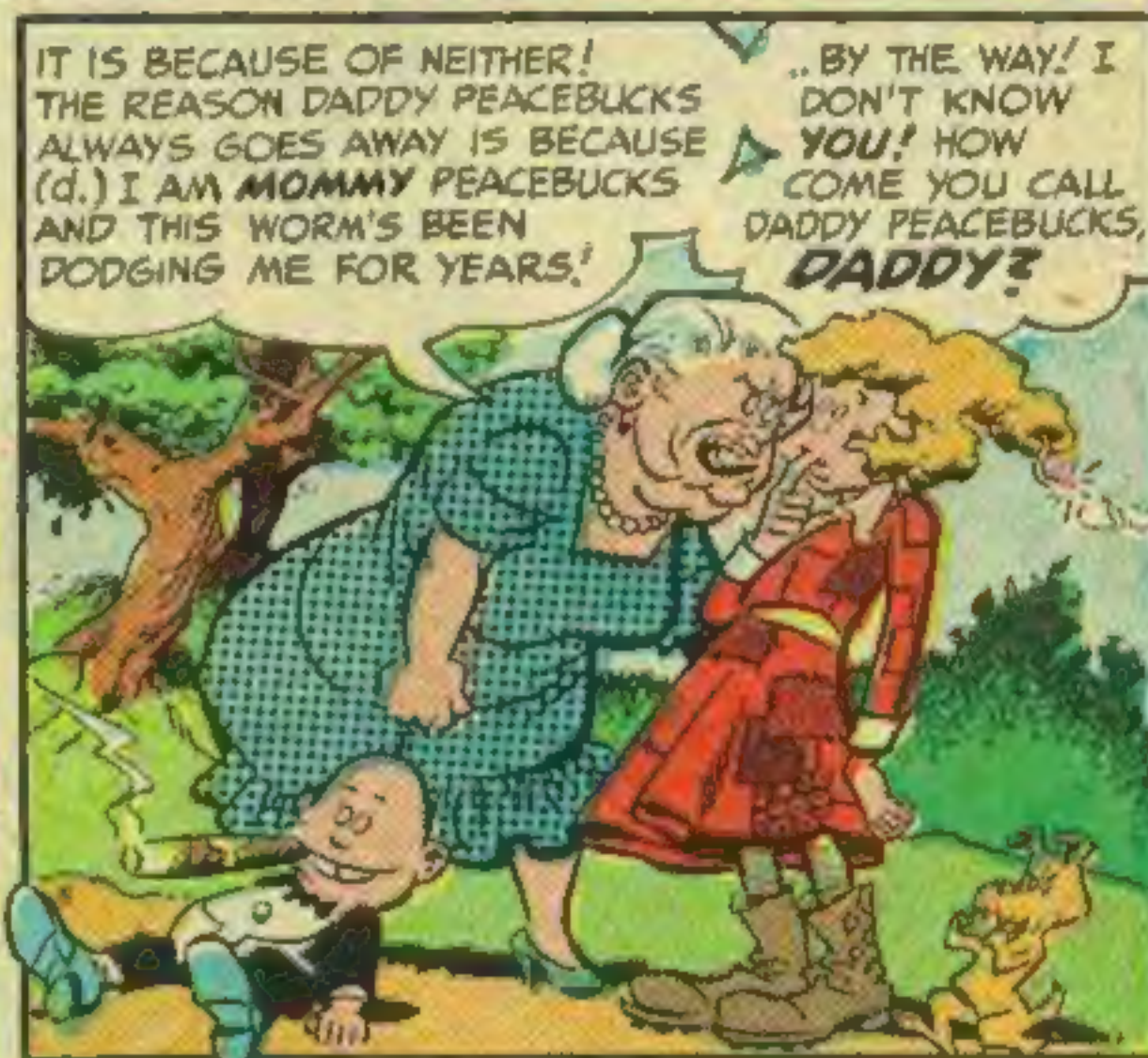
WHEW!... YOU CAUGHT ME JUST IN TIME!

...TIME?

...PUNJOKE! WHAT TIME IS IT? I'VE GOT TO SAVE LITTLE ORPHAN MELVIN AT THE LAST MINUTE!







CLASSICAL TYPE COMICS DEPT.: ONCE UPON AN EVENING DREARY, WHILE WE PONDERED WEAK AND WEARY IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY, ON A COMIC STORY PLOT; WHILE WE NODDED NEARLY NAPPING, CAME AN ATTENDANT A-TAPPING, ON OUR HEAD SO GENTLY RAPPING, SPOKE "THAT'S ALL THE TIME YOU'VE GOT!". OOH WERE WE MAD! WE HOWLED! WE RAYED! AND THAT'S WHAT THIS STORY IS ABOUT...

THE RAVEN

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE

Once upon a midnight dreary,
while I pondered, weak
and weary,
Over many a quaint and
curious volume
of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly
napping,
suddenly there came a
tapping.
As of some one gently
rapping,
rapping at my chamber
door
"Tis some visitor," I
muttered,
tapping at my chamber
door —

Only this and
nothing more."

CLOWN
CLOWN
BASH
BAM

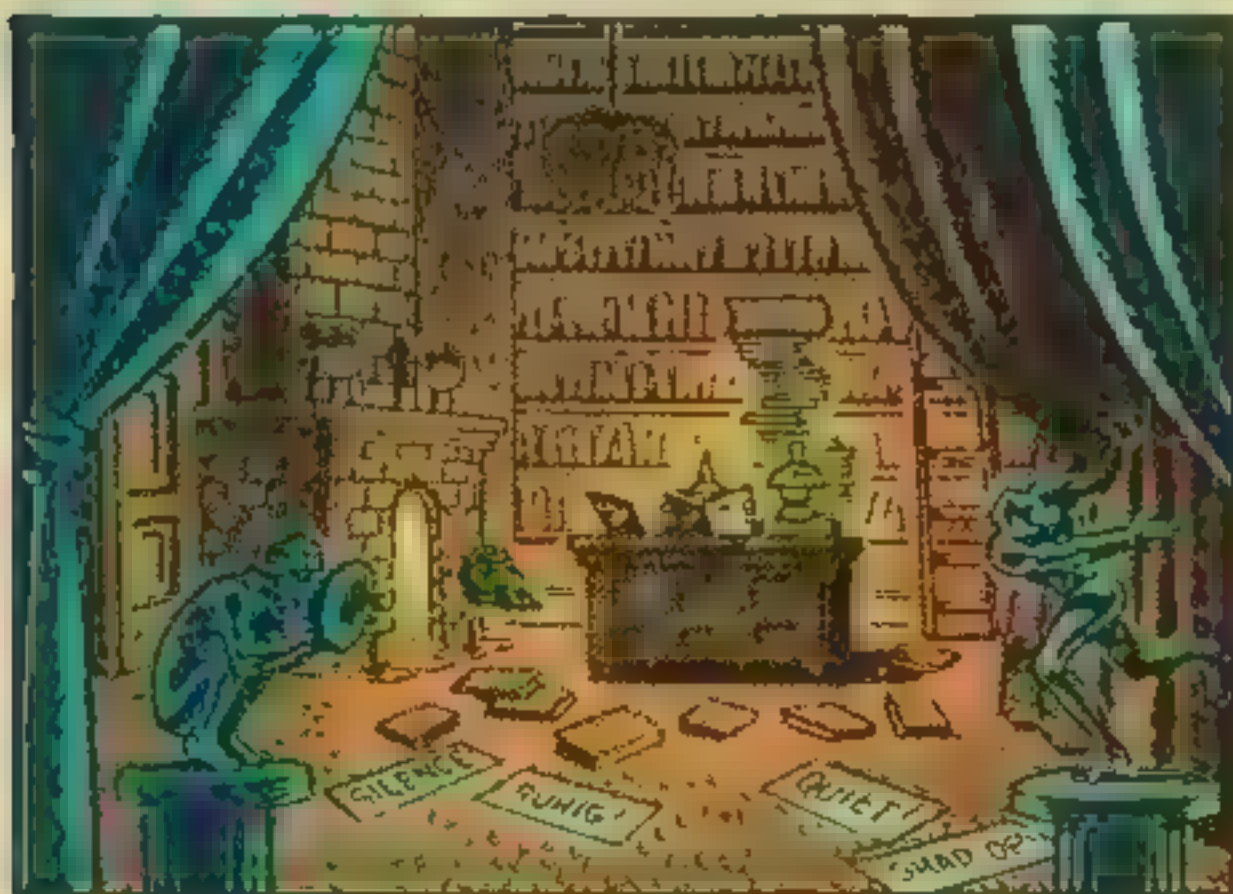
That Raven,
Maniac,
Elder.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow-sorrow for the lost Lenore —
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore —

Nameless here for evermore



And the sullen sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me - filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now to still the beating of my heart I stood repeating

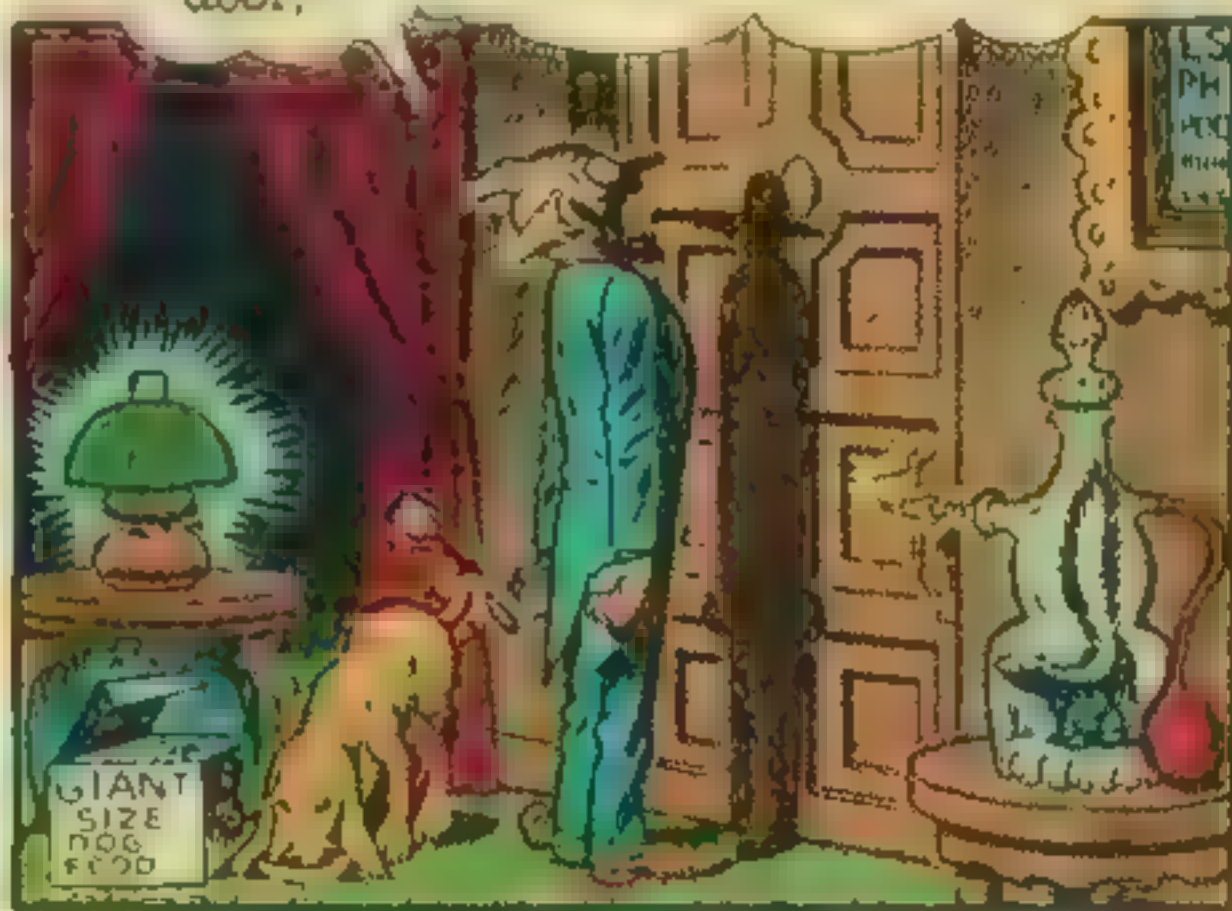
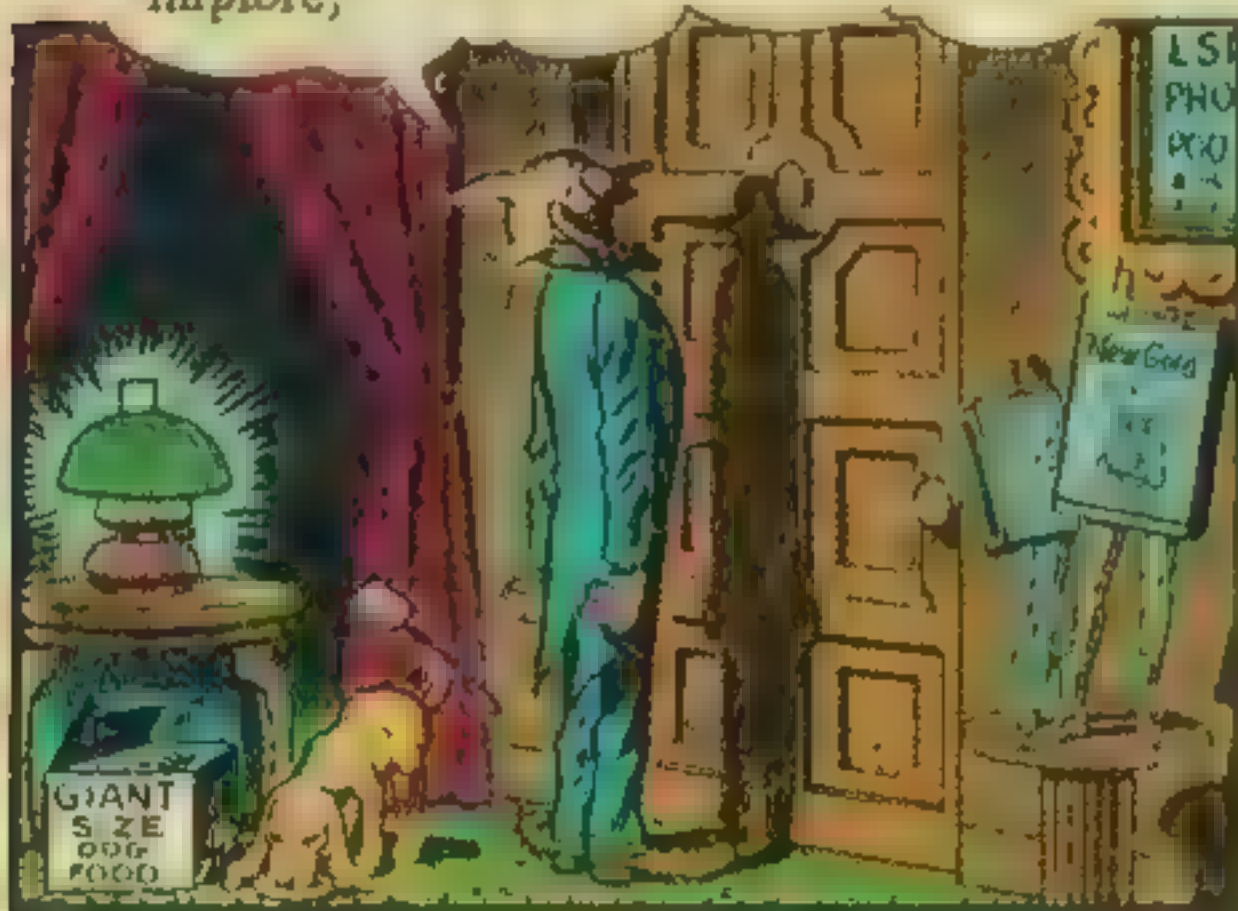
"Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door -

This it is and nothing more "



Presently my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no
longer,
"Sir" said I, "or Madam truly your forgiveness I
implore,

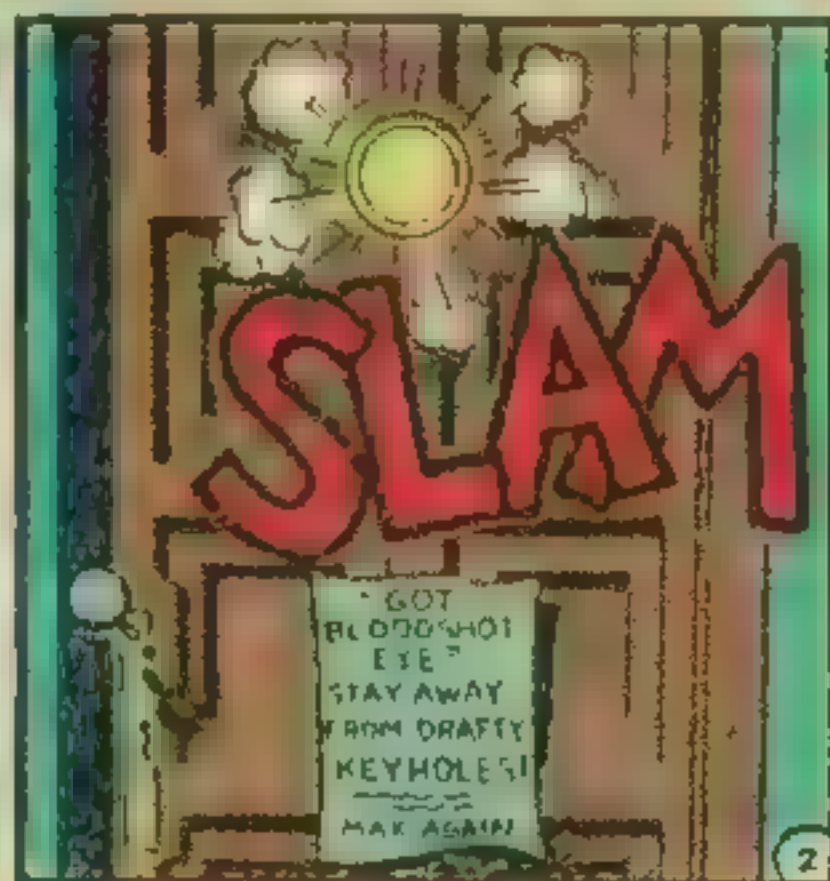
But the fact is I was napping and so gently you came
rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,



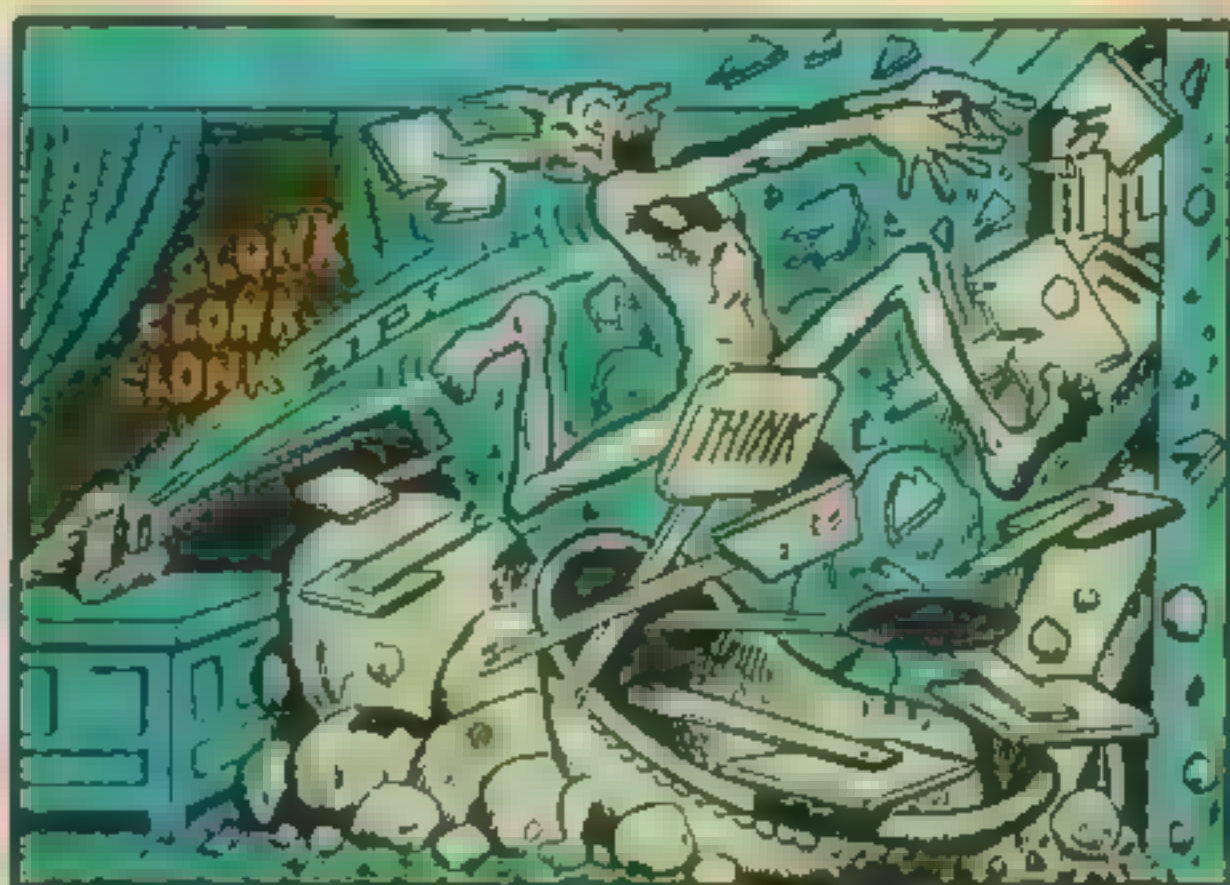
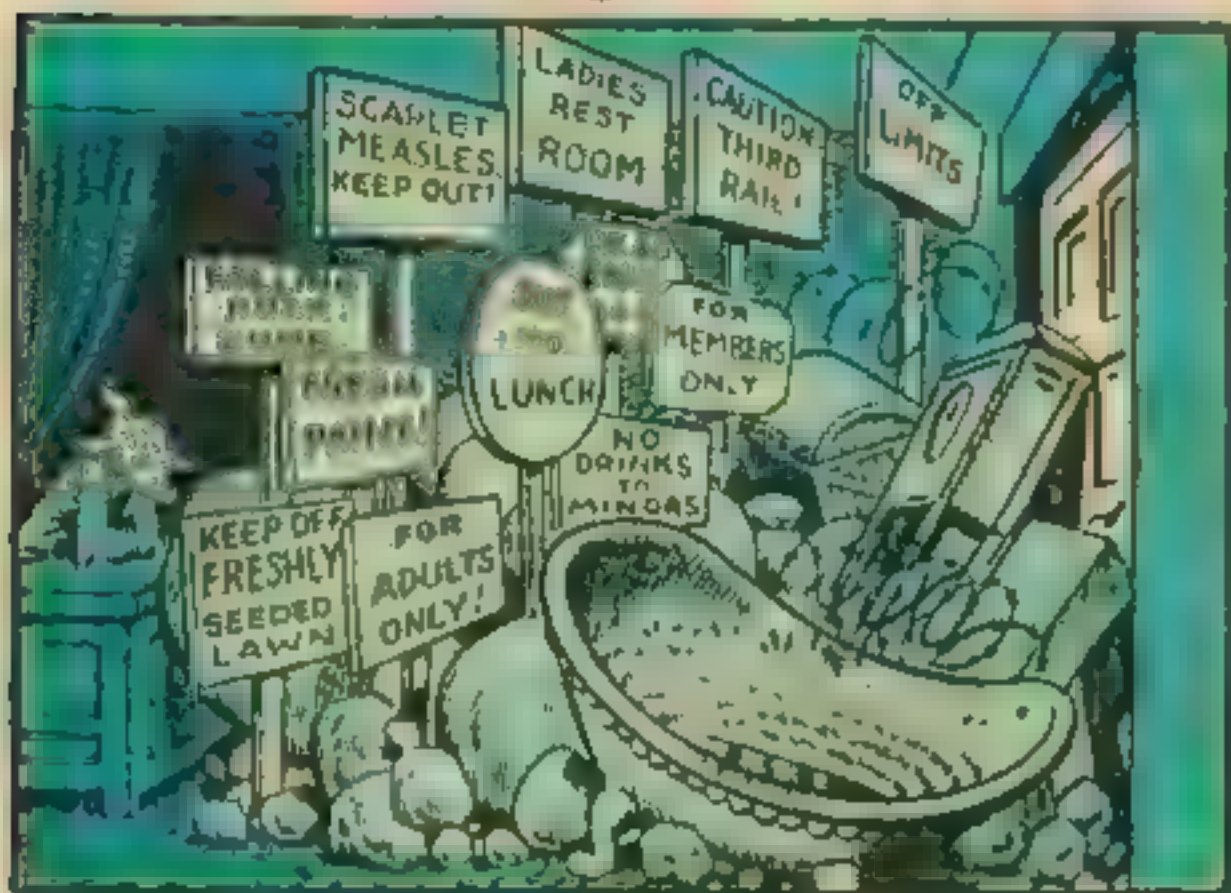
That I scarce was sure I heard you" — here I
opened wide the door; —

Darkness there and nothing more

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there
wondering, fearing
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,



And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore?" Back into the chamber turning all my soul within me burning.
 This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!" Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before
 'Surely, said I, 'surely that is something at my window
 lattice;
 Merely this and nothing more.



Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore -
 Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore, -

'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter when with many a flirt and flutter
 In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore;
 Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped
 or stayed he,



But with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door -
 Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door -

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
 smiling,
 By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance
 it wore,



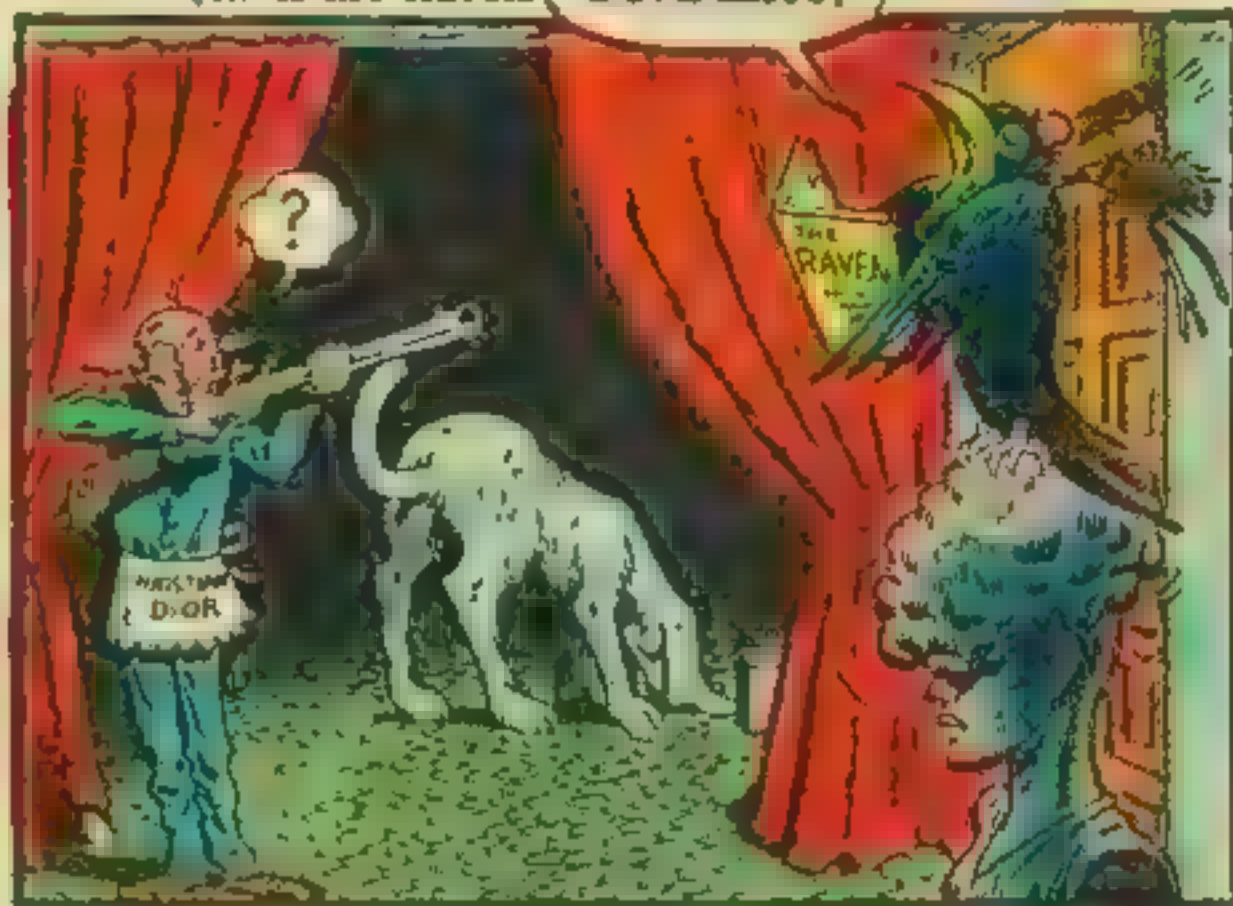
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said,
 'art sure no craven,
 Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
 the Nightly shore—



Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
 discourse so plainly,
 Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
 For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
 Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
 Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

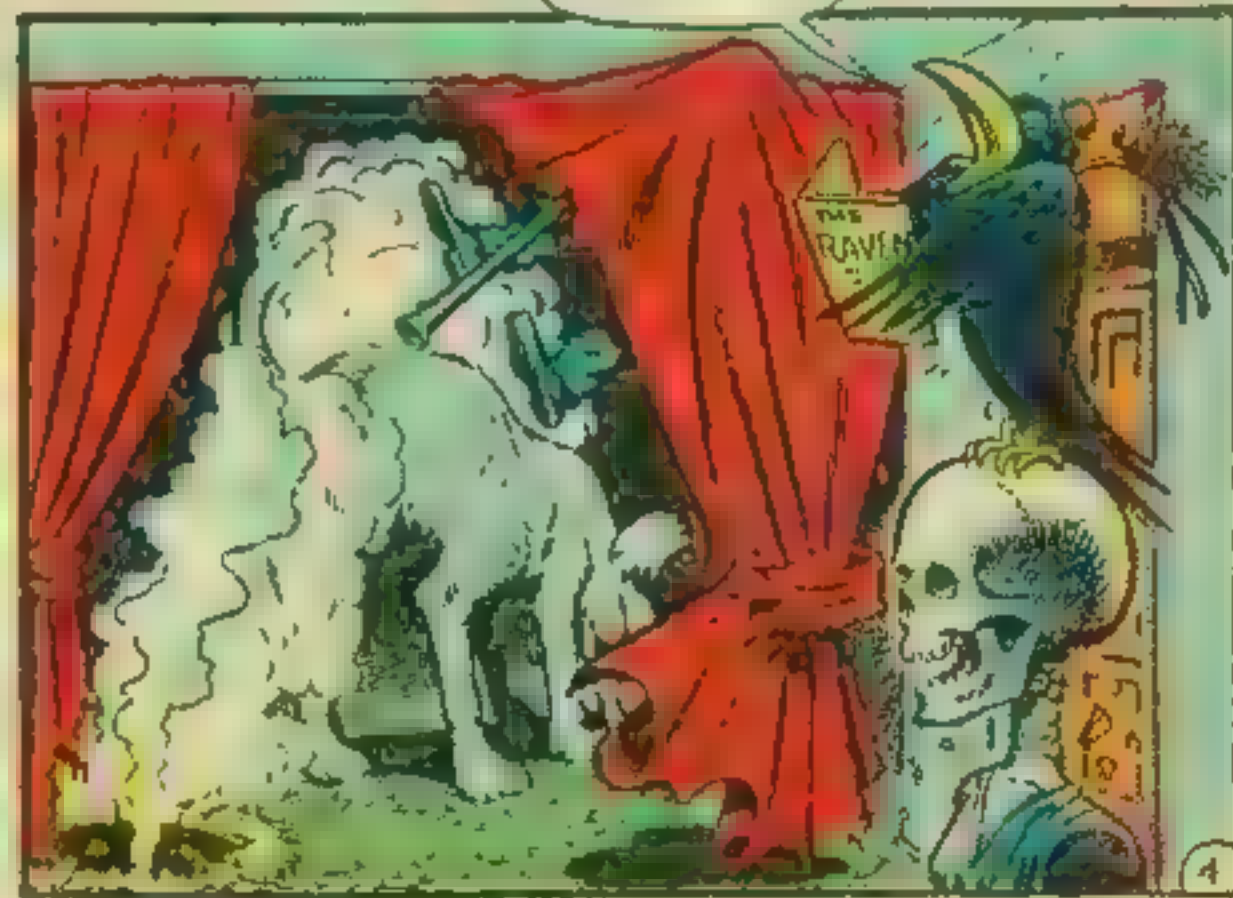
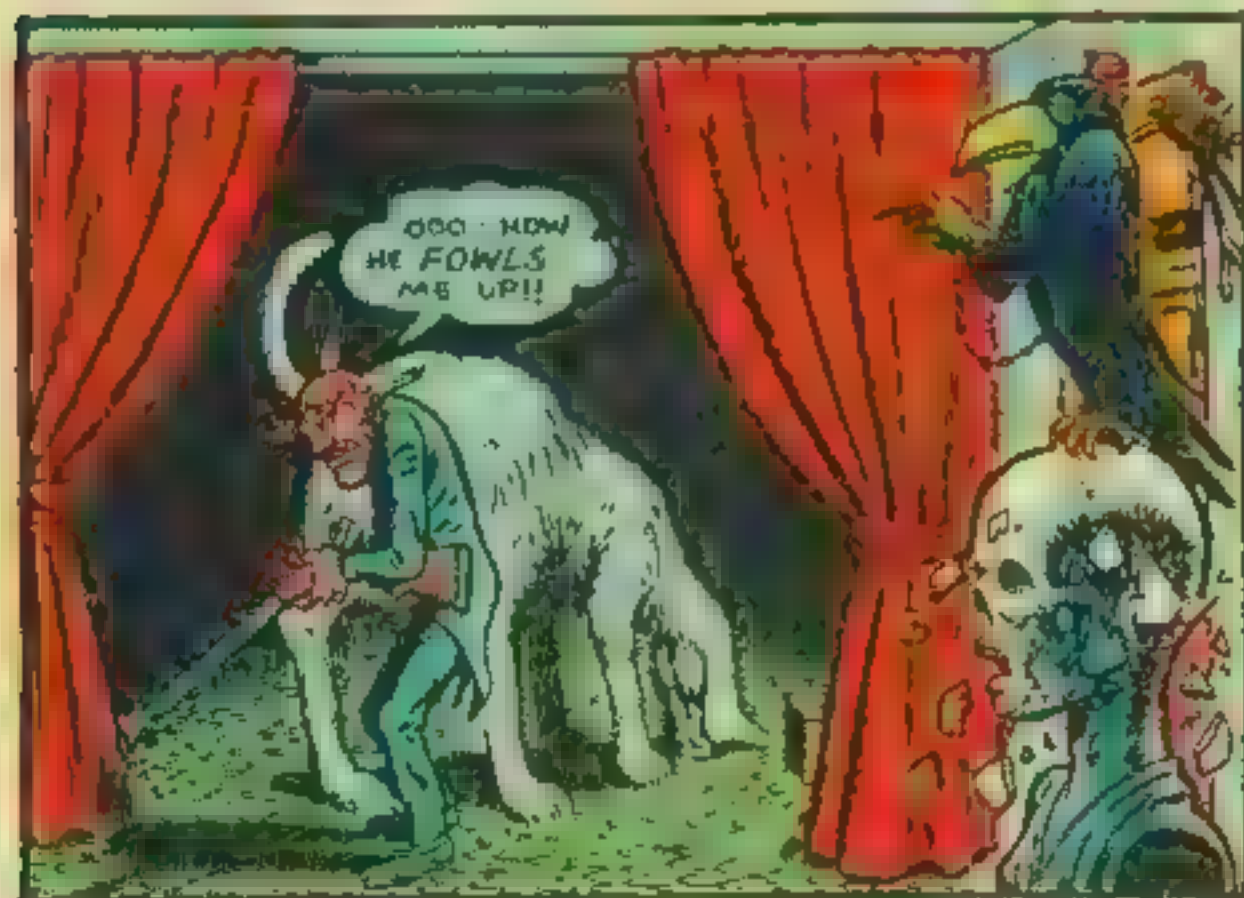
With such name as "Nevermore."



But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
 That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour
 Nothing farther then he uttered—not a feather then
 he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends have flown before—
 On the morrow he will leave me as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird said ("Nevermore.")



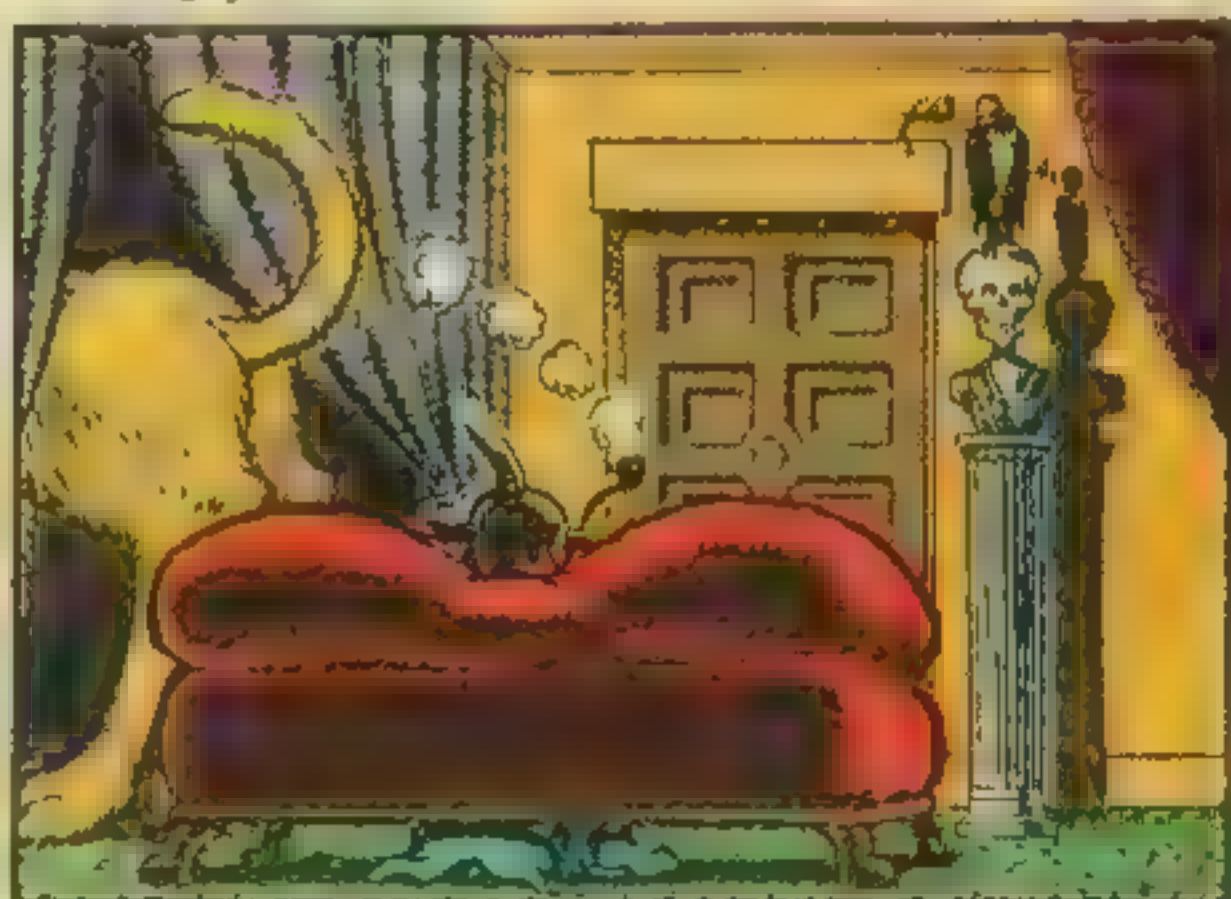
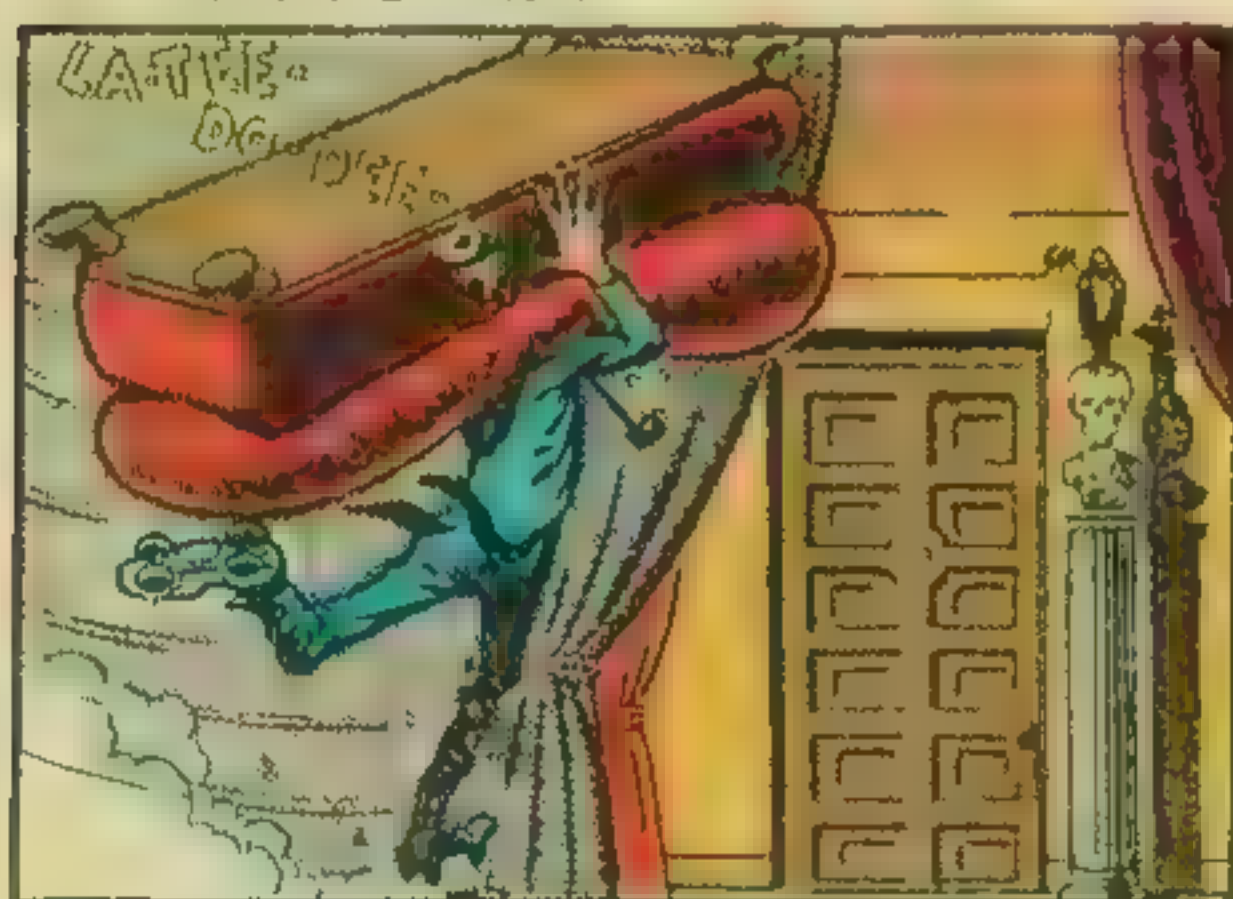
Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
 "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
 and store
 Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster

Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore.
 Till the duries of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
 Of (Never — Nevermore")



But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
 smiling
 Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird,
 and bust and door;

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
 linking
 Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
 of yore —

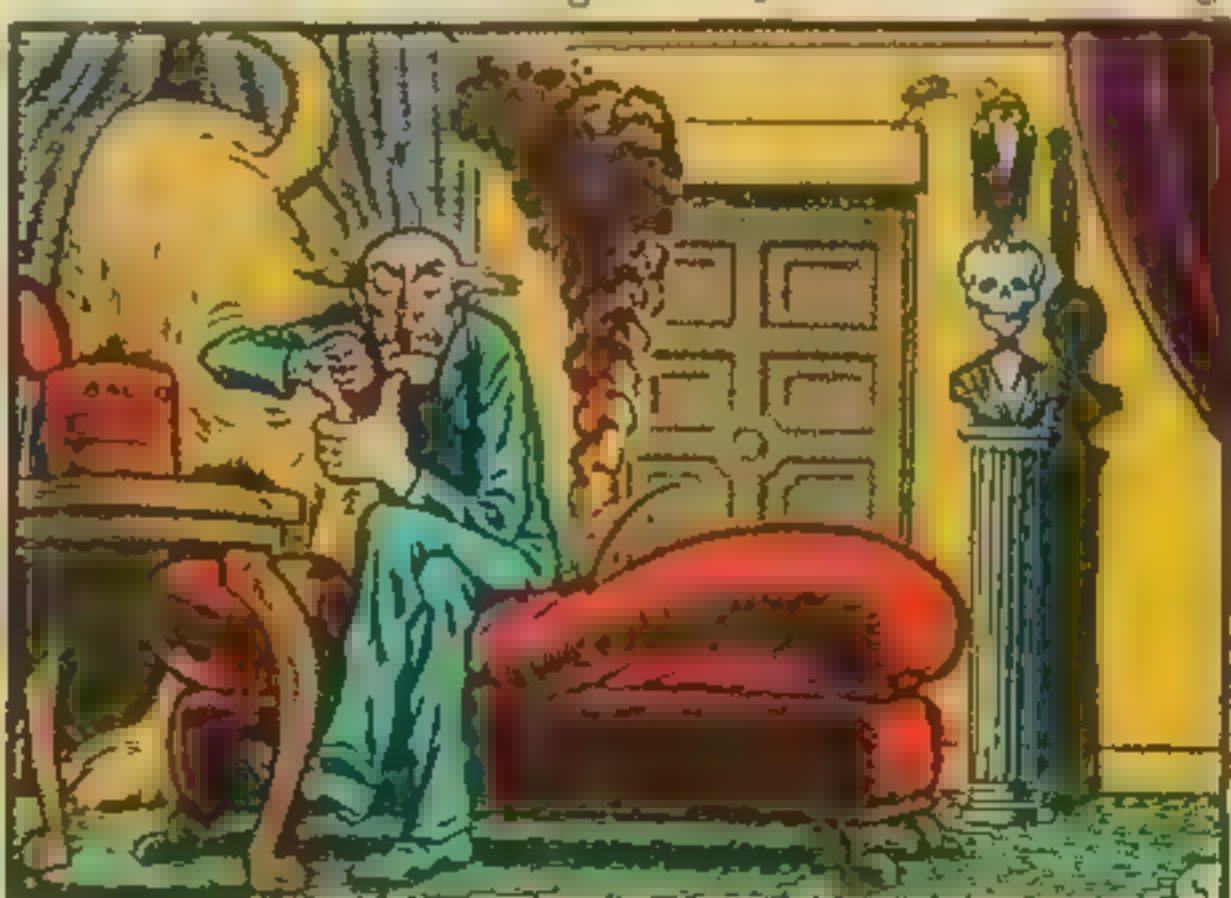


What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
 bird of yore

Thus I sat engaged in guessing but no syllable expressing
 To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
 core;

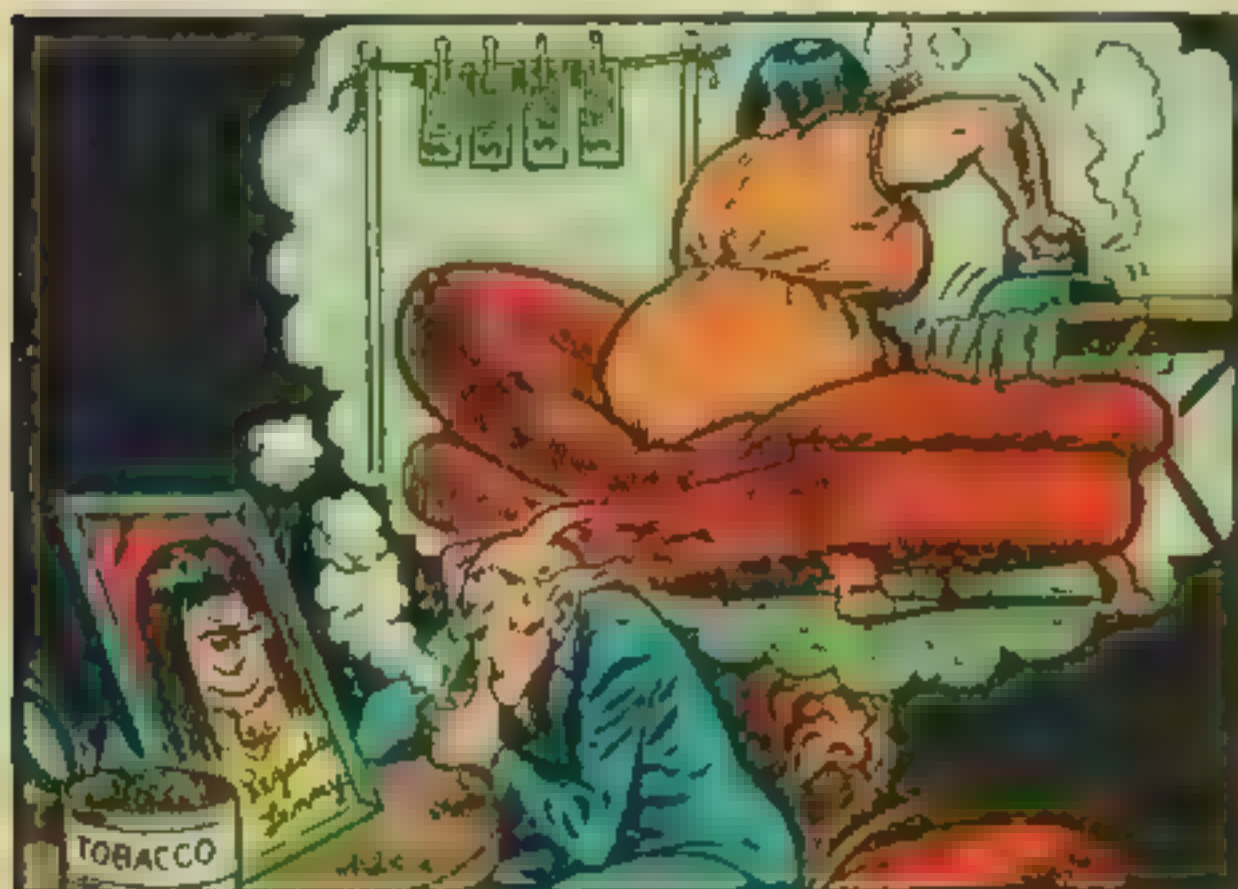
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

Thus and more I sat divining with my head at ease reclining



On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet-violet lining with the lamp light gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!



Respite-respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



On this home by Horror haunted - tell me truly, I implore -
Is there - is there balm in Gilead? - tell me - tell me I implore!

Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



Then, methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee - by these angels
he hath sent thee



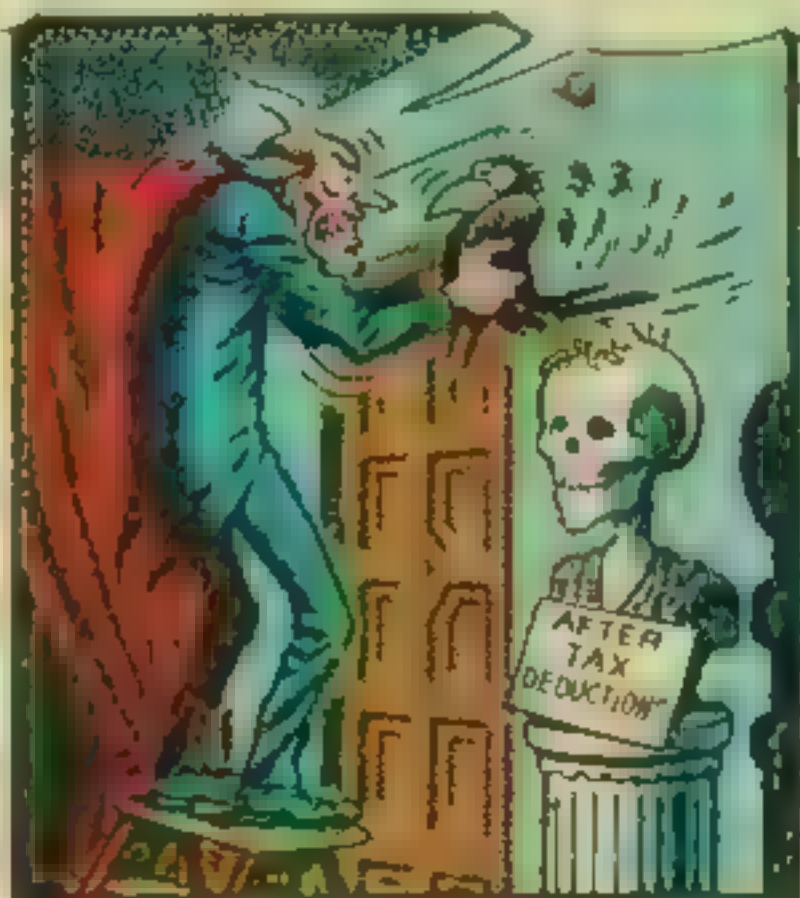
Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or
devil! -

Whether Tempter sent, or tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted -

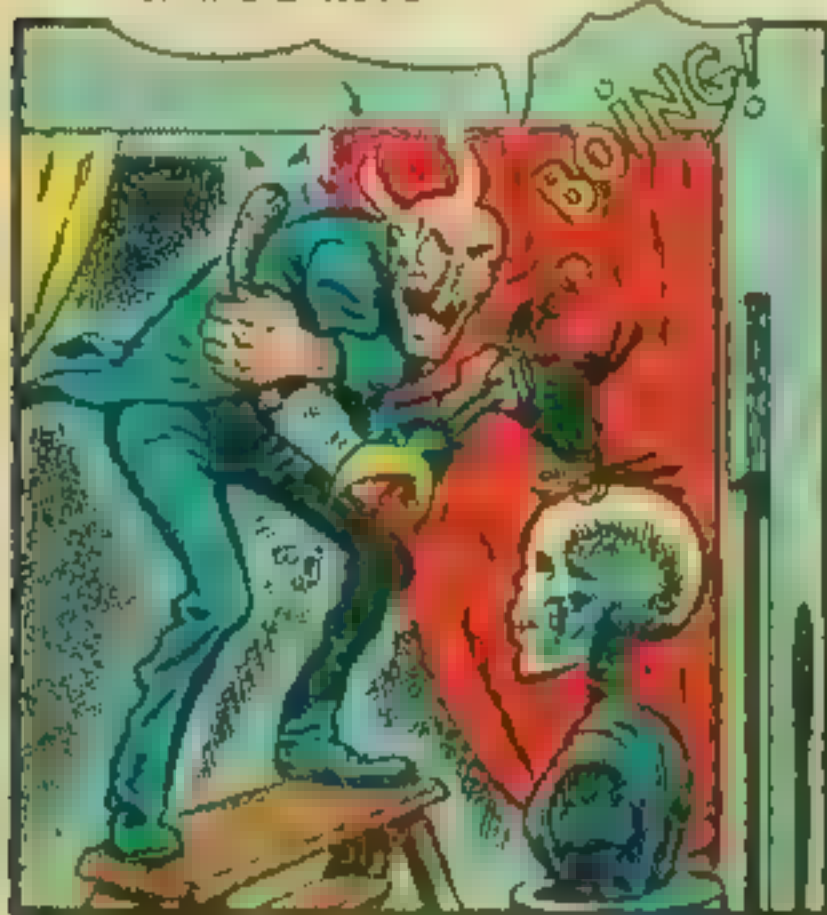


"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! - prophet still, if bird or
devil!

By that heaven that bends above us - by that God we
both adore -

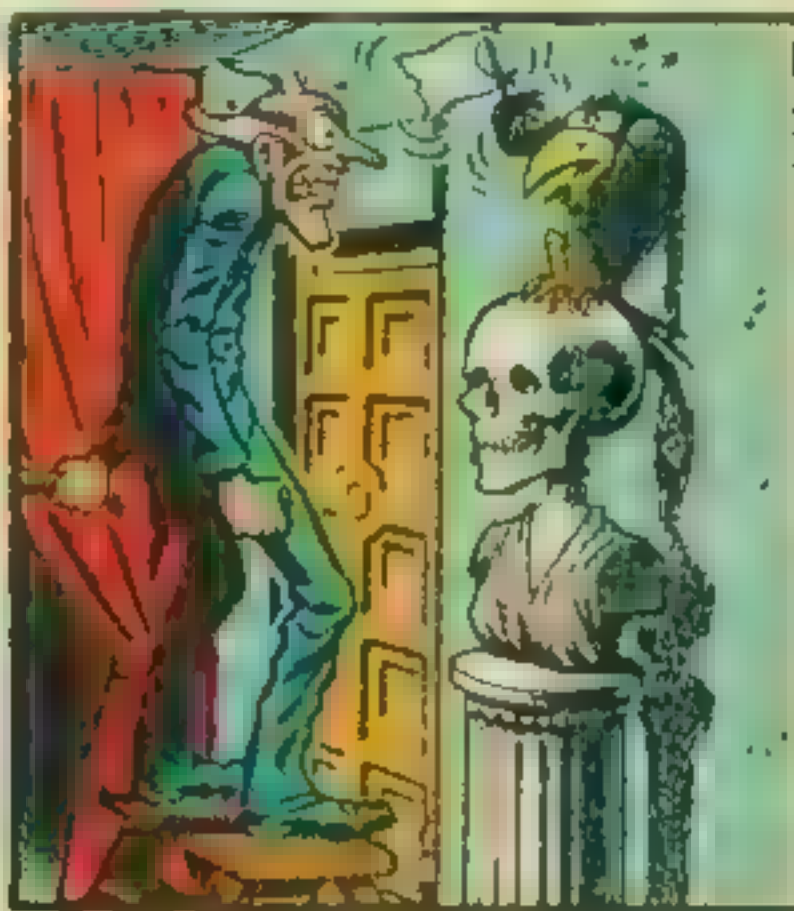


Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore —



Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."

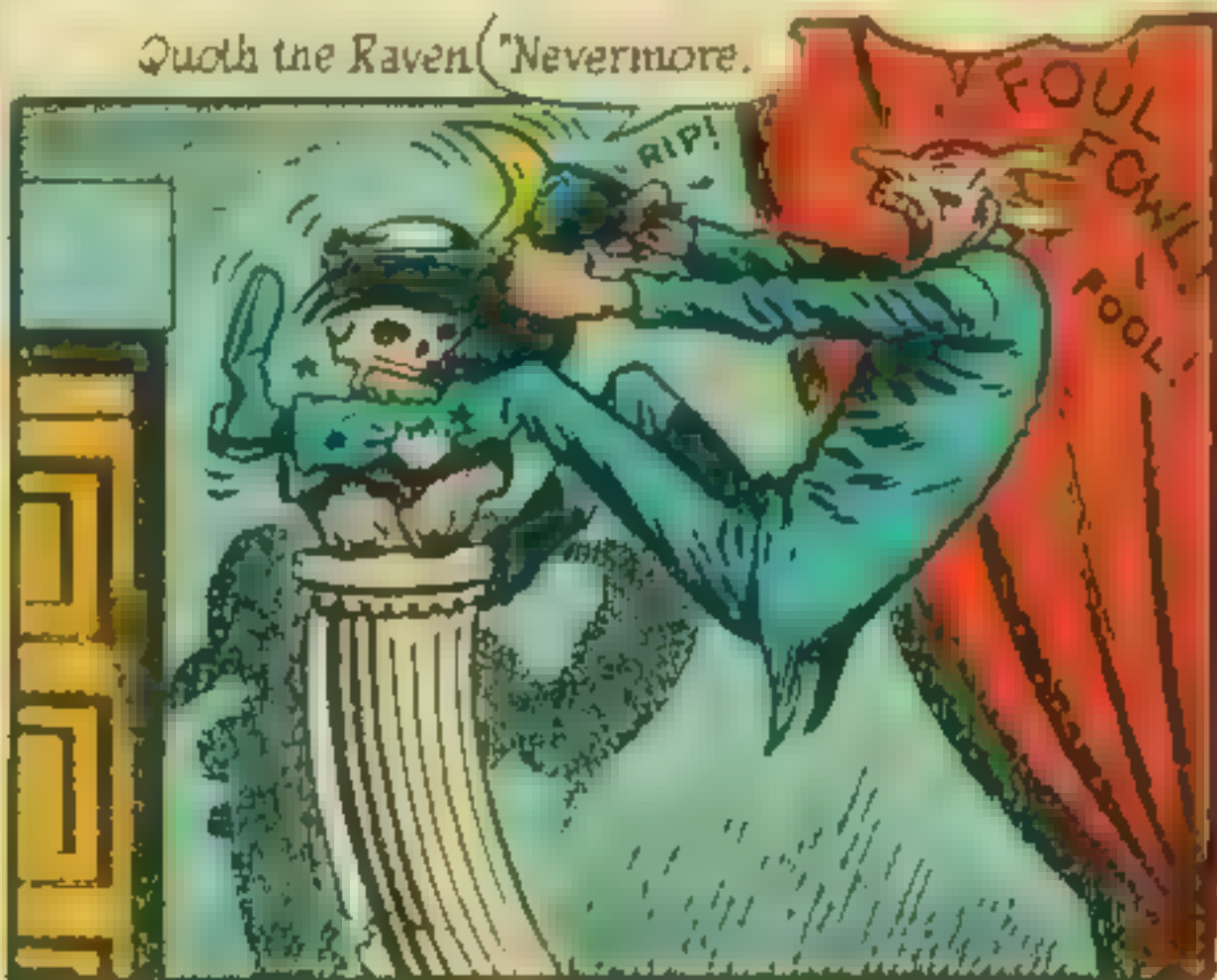
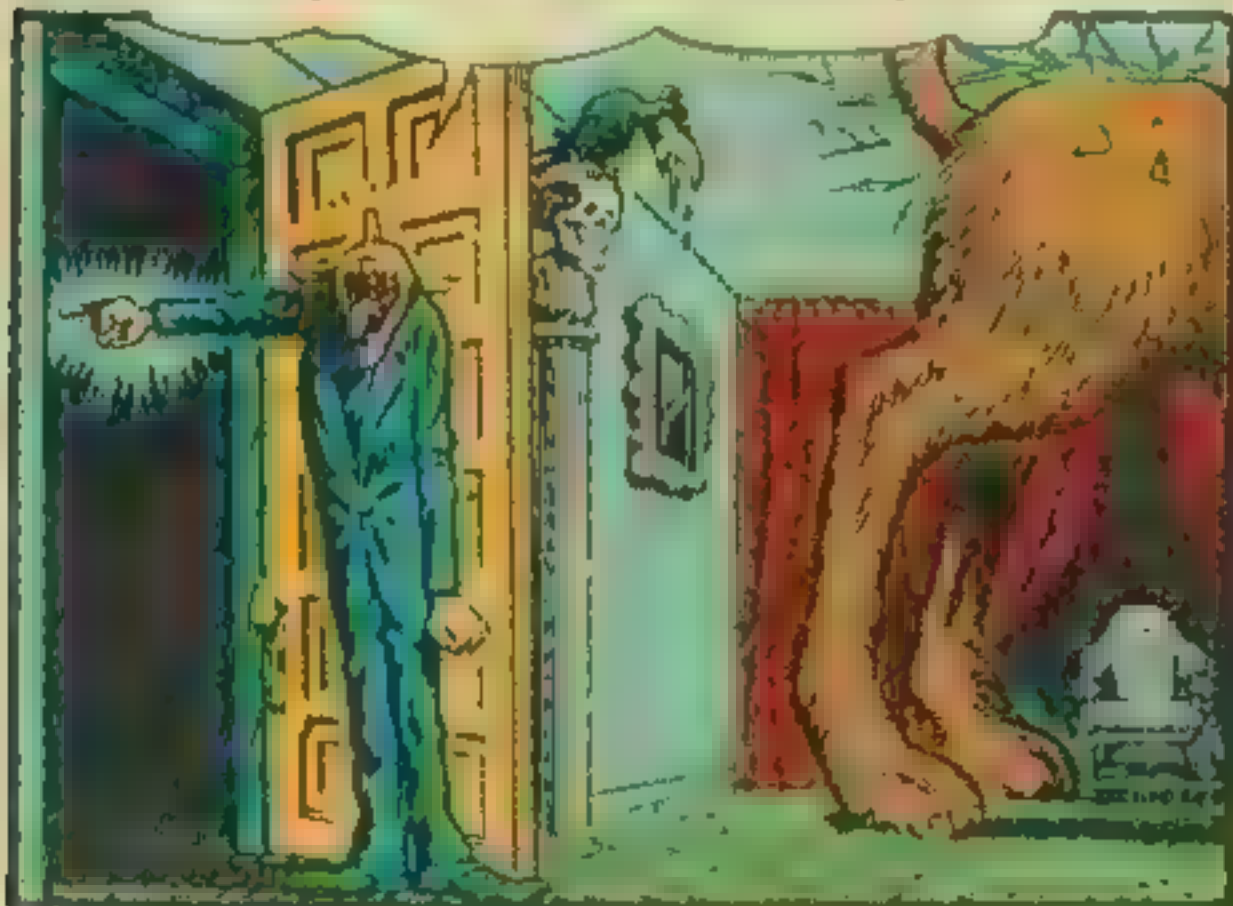
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting —
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!"

Leave my loneliness unbroken! — Quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

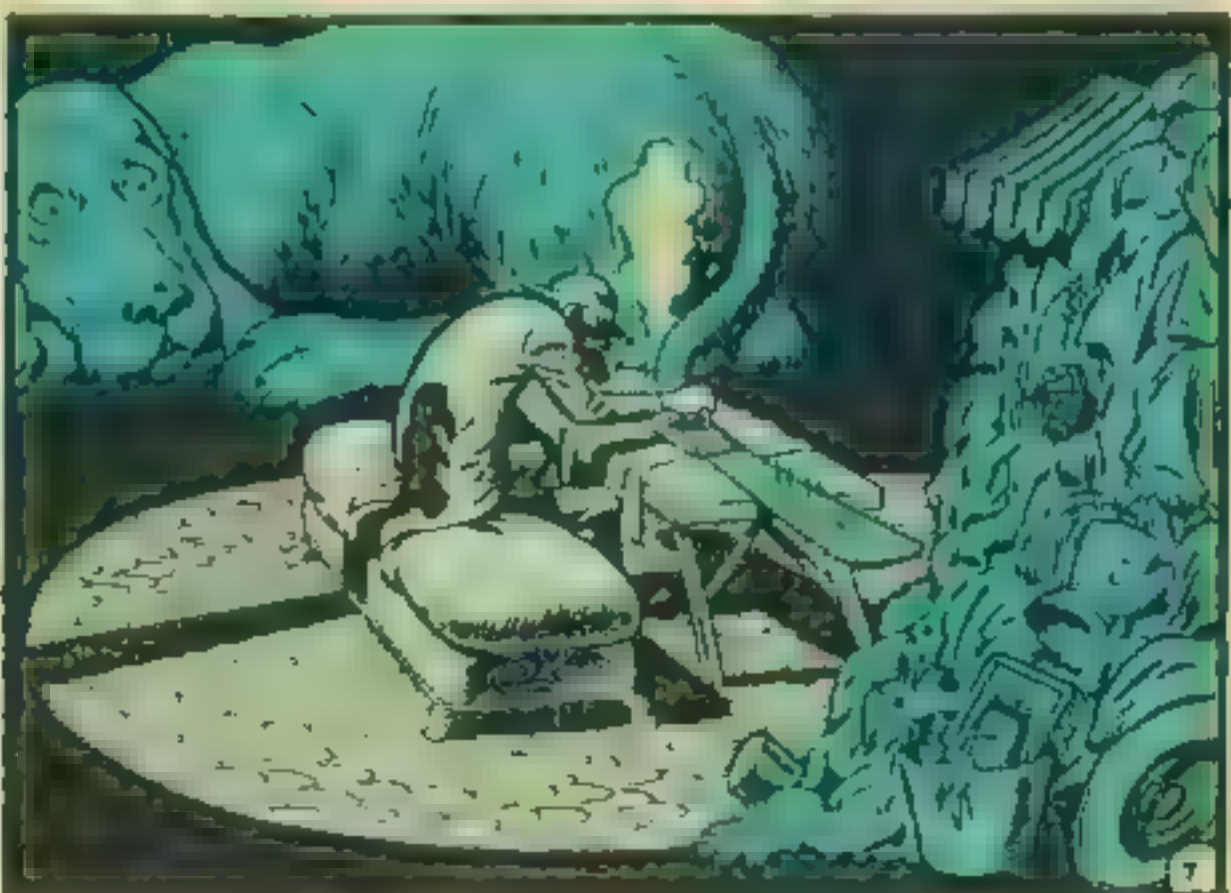
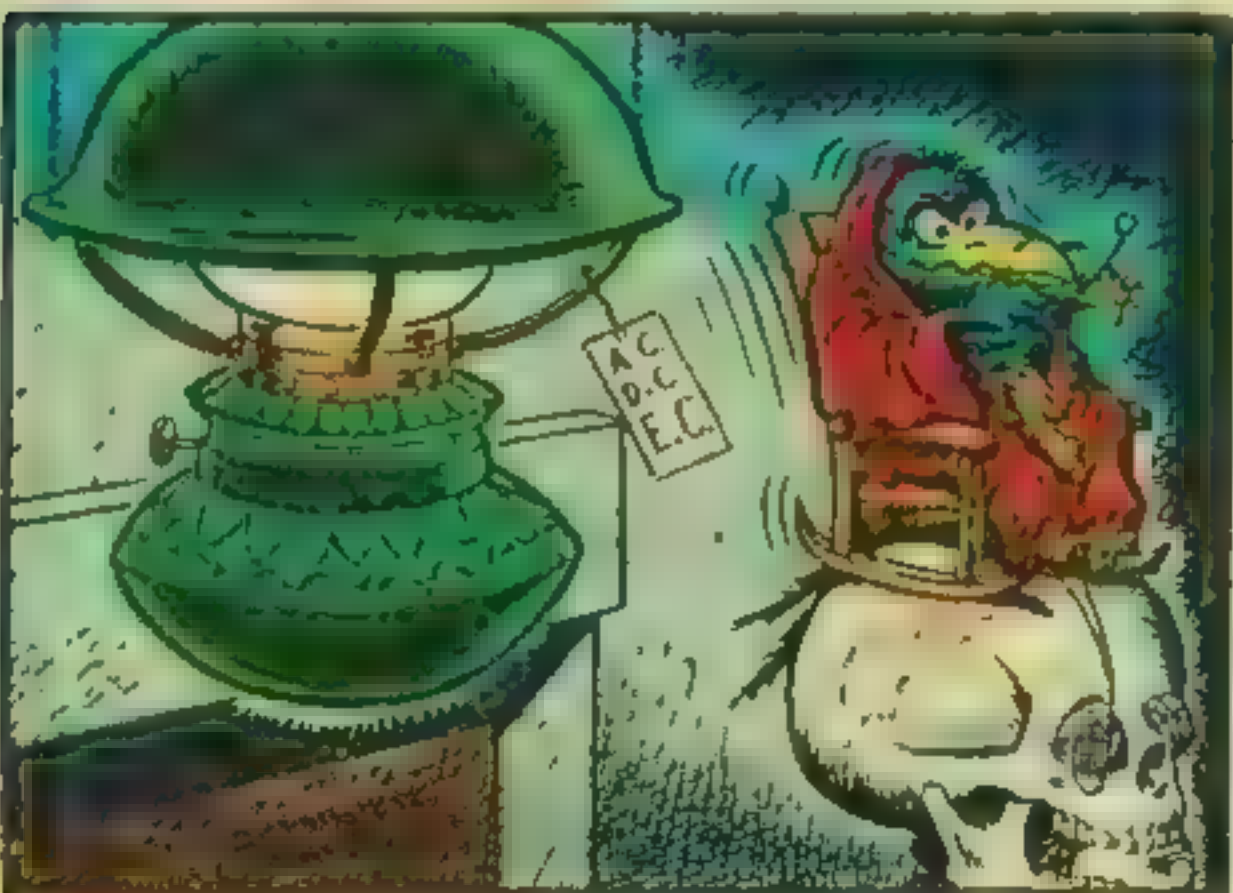
Quoth the Raven ("Nevermore.")



And the Raven Never flitting still is sitting still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming.

And the lamp light on her streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted — nevermore!



MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors.

You bloomin' blighters 'ave done it again In Mad No. 7, you 'ave Shermlock Shomes and Dr. Whatsit riding in a soapbox with left 'and drive. Don't you jolly well know the British have right 'and drive? I think Elder is getting older.—Henry Hartz—Utica, New York

How about publishing a sympathetic story once in a while, such as one about a Canis Familiaris or a Felis Domesticus?—Keith Nutt (Arachis Hypogaea)

—Midland, Texas

I'm sorry to hear about Harvey Kurtzman (H. Kurtzman was sick with yellow jaundice), and I'd like to change places with him

—No. 856-7859—Sing-Sing

I'm beginning to feel like one of those guys in the desert. Everywhere I go, druggists and clerks shout, "No Mad." Get it, nomad?

—Ann Slavin—West Haven, Conn

La lettre de David Platt, dans votre sixieme revue de Mad est beaucoup plus plein d'erreurs qu'etait votre histoire du "Shiek of Araby," elle-meme

Sans pas si vos editeurs connaissent cette langue... mais c'est tres evidemment vu que le bon M. Platt ne connait pas le francais assez bien qu'il croit. Par exemple, il a dit: "... vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit 'N'est pas.' Ce n'est pas correcte, est-ce-t-il? Il a etre 'n'est-ce-pas.' Merci beaucoup (sic) mes amis." Ca, c'est tout a fait absurde! Il y en a plus de fautes la qu'en ce que M. Platt a si mal tache de corriger!

Me? I'm a Spanish major myself

—Dick Clarkson—Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass

Iv wivish yivou wivould nivot privint sivuch livittivers ivas thive ivone bivy "Mons David Paït." Iv ivam nivo Fivrenemivan, sivo liv civant rivead Fivrench

—Ben Jones—Quinwood, W. Va.

Here in Rochester we have started the "Mad Mumblers Club." Anyone interested in joining write to 49 Kohlman St. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. P. S. All members must be Mad Haters

—Jerry Schuler—Rochester, N. Y.

I hope you will talk the Mad Melvin Club up and tell all the Mad fans about it. To be a member you must have all the Mads Anyone interested write Secretary Clyde

Waddell, 2433 Marye St., Alexandria, Louisiana; or Pat Armstrong, Pres., 2424 Vance Ave., Alexandria, Louisiana

Within the past year you have received thousands of letters, both ill-written and well-written, chock full of such dynamic adjectives as "classic," "priceless," "delightful," and even a sprinkling of such indelicate modifiers as "horrible," "rotten," and "disgusting!" But I shall say only this: A solid core of attractively unbalanced students at Cornell have adopted your magazine as a way of life. Acute frothing at the mouth has become a common disease and has proven deliciously dangerous during epidemic seasons. One of the fraternities there has an annual Monster Party. This year their source book was, of course, Mad... and the happy outcome was that 37.8% more participants than ever before were removed in a frightened coma. Gentlemen, it was a sight to see! Thank you, comrades in the bonds of spoofery

—Ann Busch—Buffalo, New York

I am long out of my "funny-book reading days;" thus, even though I do work in a drugstore, I've never given your magazines a thought. Recently two sane, healthy-looking and responsible individuals asked if I had a certain comic book on the stands—that in itself was a time for skepticism, for every one knows only children and idiots read comic books. The name of the book was Mad. After the second incident I became curious and began thumbing through the pages. To my utter surprise it was hilarious—funniest thing I had read for years! In short your satire magazine was excellent. I am eagerly anticipating the next issue of Mad.—Raoul D'Arcy—(no address given)

Course, you've heard about EC's companion mag to Mad... thing called PANIC! Written and edited by Feldstein. Not bad! Not as funny as MAD, but not bad. Try one! Why not?!

Subscriptions to MAD cost money. Buck! But for your buck, you get eight issues! Only costs you 20c more than if'n ya bought 'em on the newsstands. But you save so much bother! Manila envelopes. Go ahead. Spend a buck. Why not?! Address for mail or sub orders is:

MAD EDITORS
Room 706, Dept. 9
225 Lafayette St
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.



HEY, WASN'T THERE S'POSE T'BE A BIG BOWL GAME HERE T'DAY, MELVIN? SO WHERE'S ALL THE PEOPLE? SO?

SO HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, IRVING? THE FIRST ISSUE OF E.C.'S NEW HUMOR MAG IS OUT. THE PEOPLE ARE ALL DOWN AT THE NEWSSTAND... BUYING **PANIC!**

YEP, KIDDIES! E.C.'S NEW HUMOR MAG, **PANIC** IS ON SALE. SO RUSH DOWN TO YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND AND GET YOUR COPY. HOWEVER IF YOU **DON'T** WANT TO **MISS** ANY FOOTBALL GAMES... IF YOU WANT TO **READ PANIC** AND **SIT IN THE BOWL** AT THE **SAME TIME... SUBSCRIBE!** FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL TO...

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF.
PANIC
 ROOM 106
 225 LAFAYETTE ST
 N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF **PANIC** FOR WHICH I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

BOP DICTIONARY

CRAZY-odd! a MAD reader is a crazy mixed up kid!



COOL-real nice! much like gone, gassed and groovy!



CUBE-a 3-D square!



DIG-to be hep... to understand!



FLICKS-movies!



FLIP-to react enthusiastically!



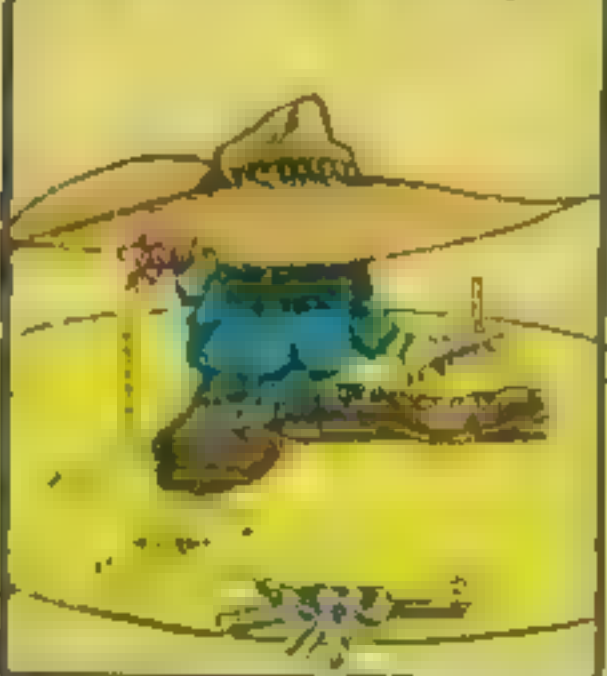
HOLLYWOOD-EYES-cute girls!



HUB-CAP-a Kat who thinks he's a big wheel!



JELLY-TOT-a very young cat who is a hub cap!



KAT-latest version of hep cat and hipster!



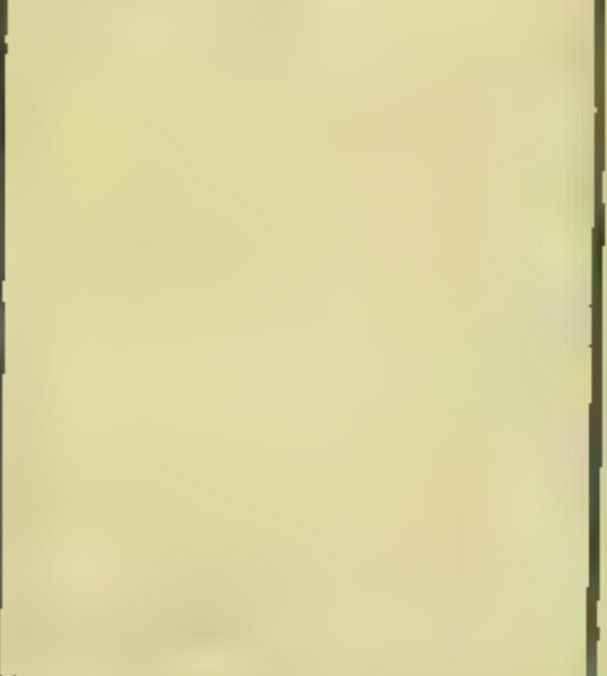
KICK-thrill as in he disfigured his head like a football player!



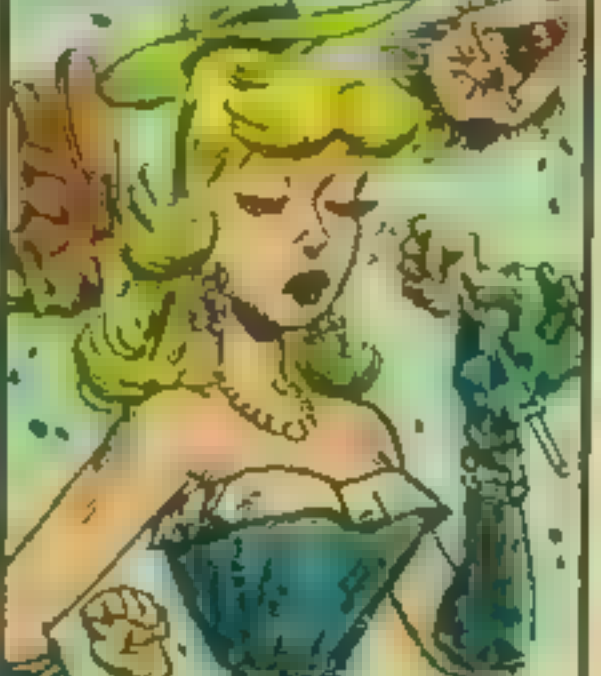
MAN-exclamation when addressing Kat!



NOWHERE-condition of a cube!



OUTEST-a way out... the best!



PIN-to look at... as in pin them crazy diapers!



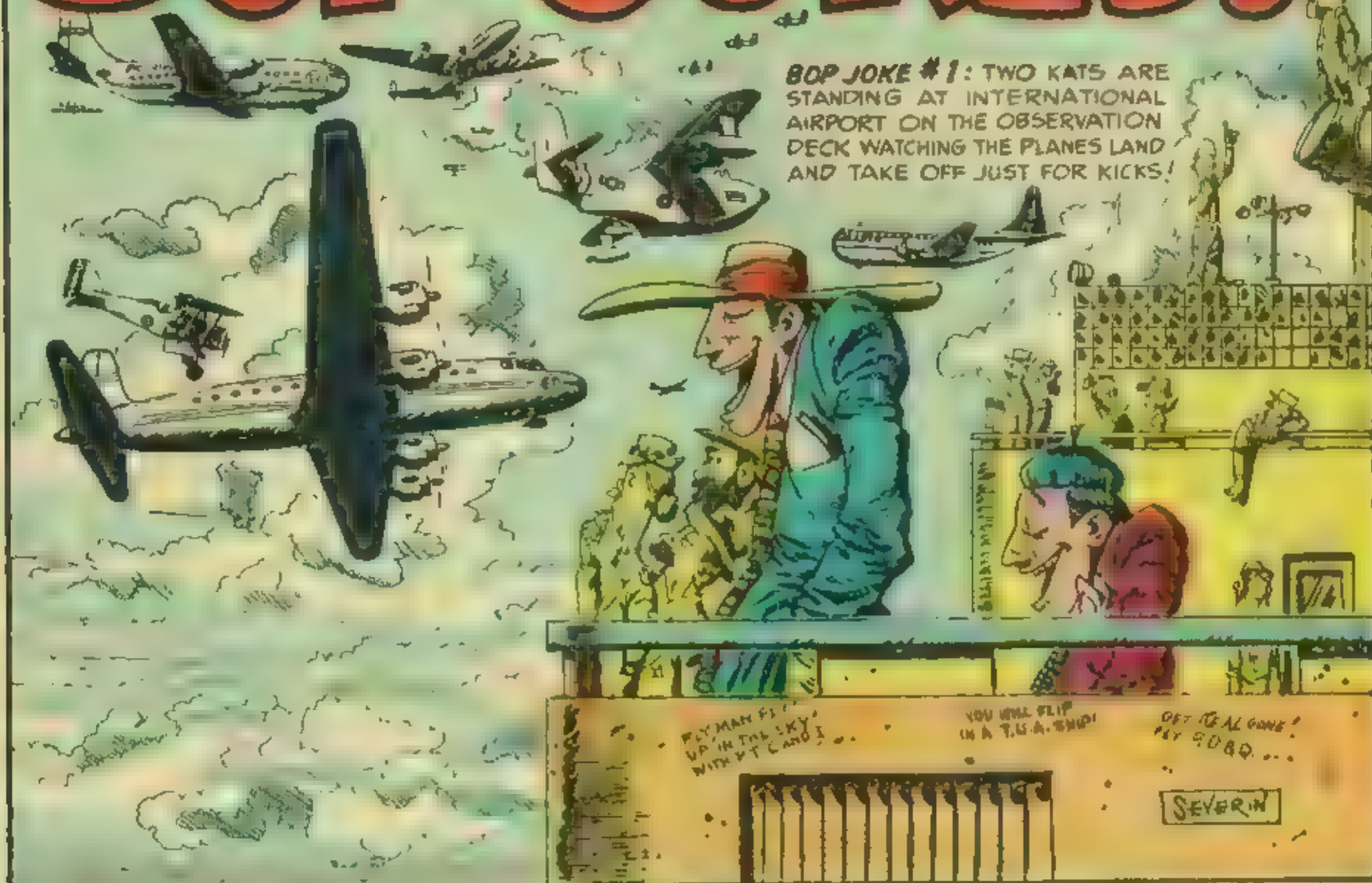
STONED-joyous state of mind, crazy, cool, flipping and kicks rolled into one!



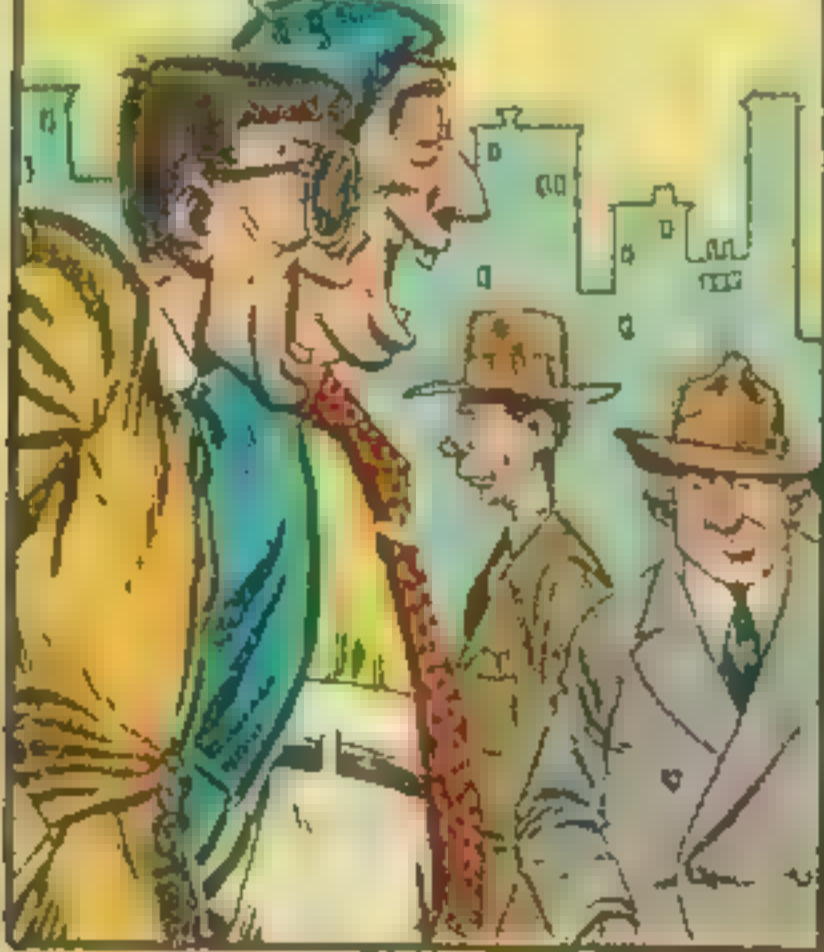
NOW THAT YOU HAVE PINNED THE BOP DICTIONARY AND ARE HEP, PREPARE TO GET STONED! WE DIG FROM YOUR LETTERS THAT MANY OF YOU READERS ARE REAL CRAZY KATS!... SO JUST FOR KICKS WE HAVE GATHERED FOR THE KATS AND CUBES ALIKE... THE LATEST AND OUTEST COLLECTION OF..

BOP JOKES!

BOP JOKE #1: TWO KATS ARE STANDING AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT ON THE OBSERVATION DECK WATCHING THE PLANES LAND AND TAKE OFF JUST FOR KICKS!



BOB JOKE #2: TWO KATS WALK-
ING DOWN THE STREET JUST
DIGGING ALL THE SQUARES!



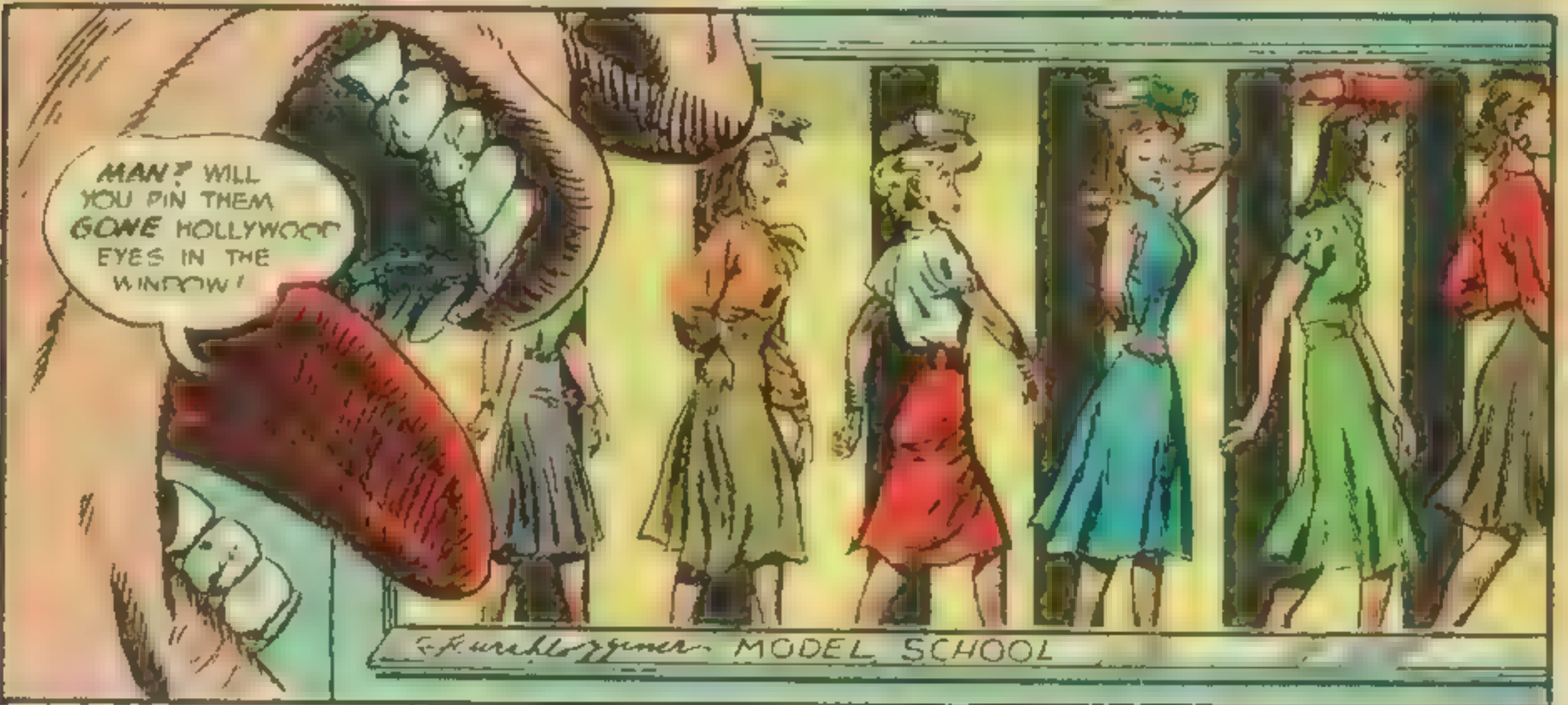
SUDDENLY ONE KAT FLIPS AS HE
PINS THE WINDOW OF A MODEL-
ING SCHOOL UP ABOVE WHERE



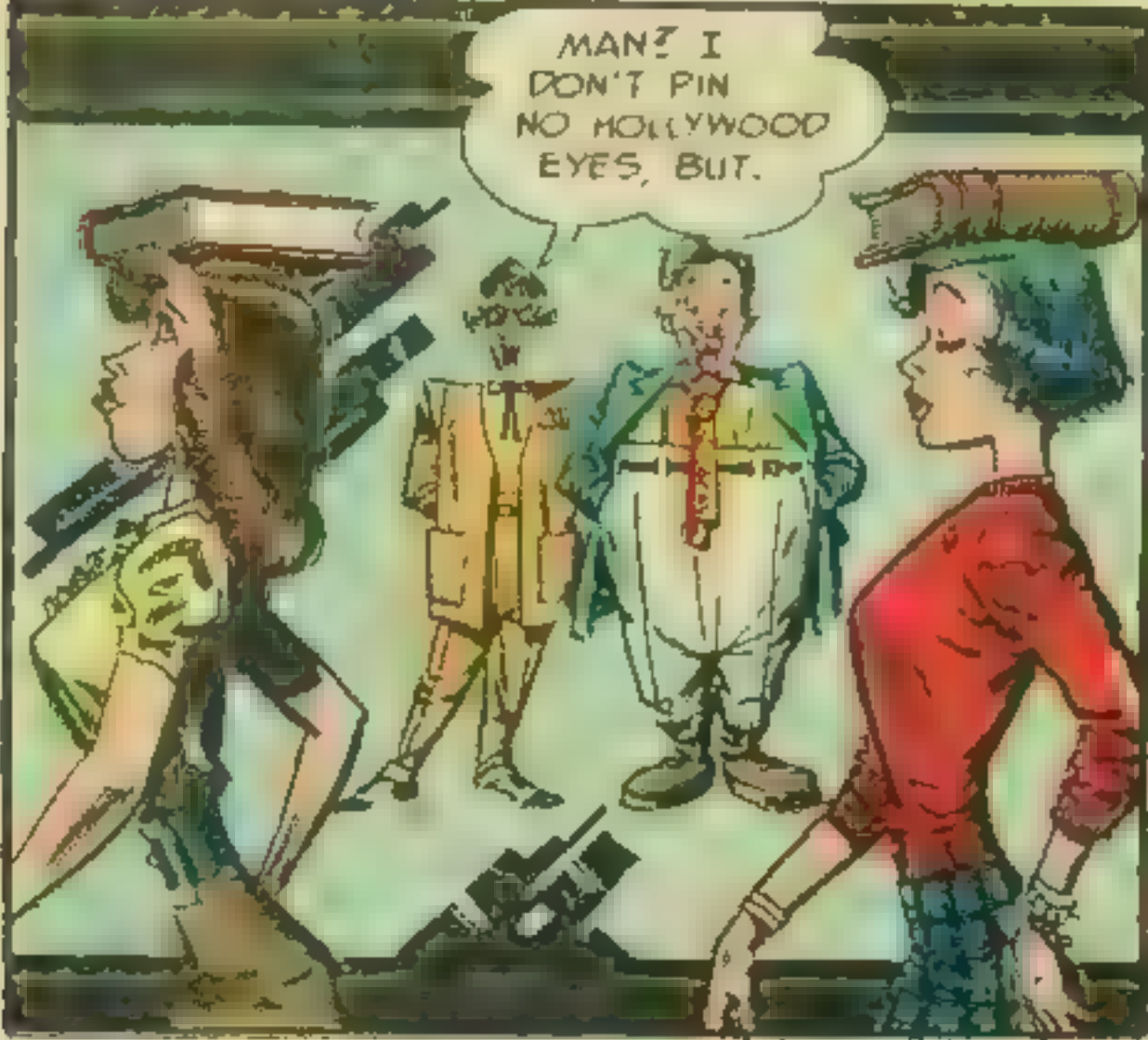
SOME REALLY TYPICAL HOLLYWOOD
EYES ARE PRACTICING POSTURE BY
BALANCING BOOKS ON THEIR HEADS



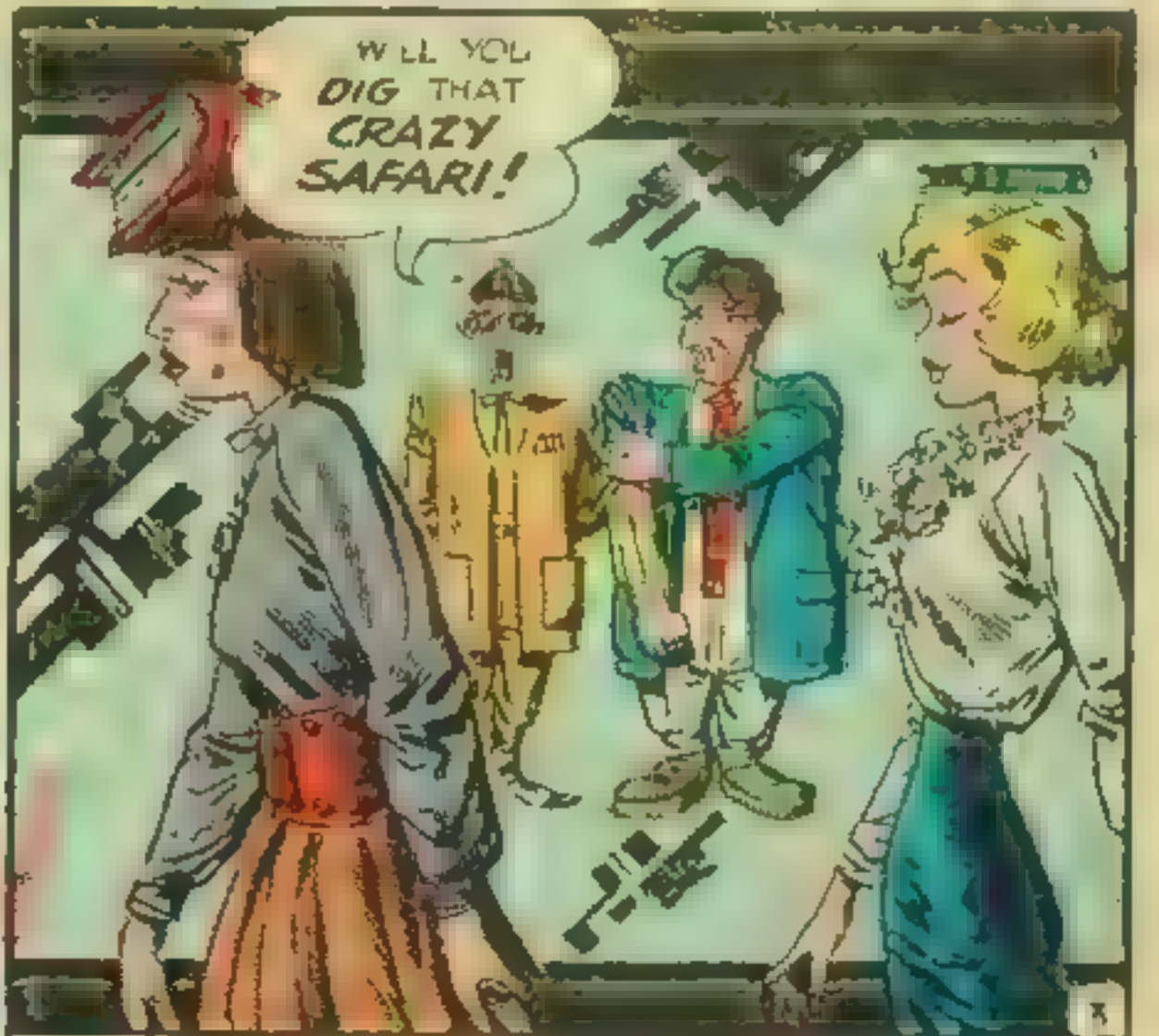
MAN? WILL
YOU PIN THEM
GONE HOLLYWOOD
EYES IN THE
WINDOW!



MAN? I
DON'T PIN
NO HOLLYWOOD
EYES, BUT.



WILL YOU
DIG THAT
CRAZY
SAFARI!



BOP-JOKE #3: TWO KATS IN FRONT
OF A RECORD SHOP DIGGING A
CHARLIE PARKER RECORD! UP ABOVE...



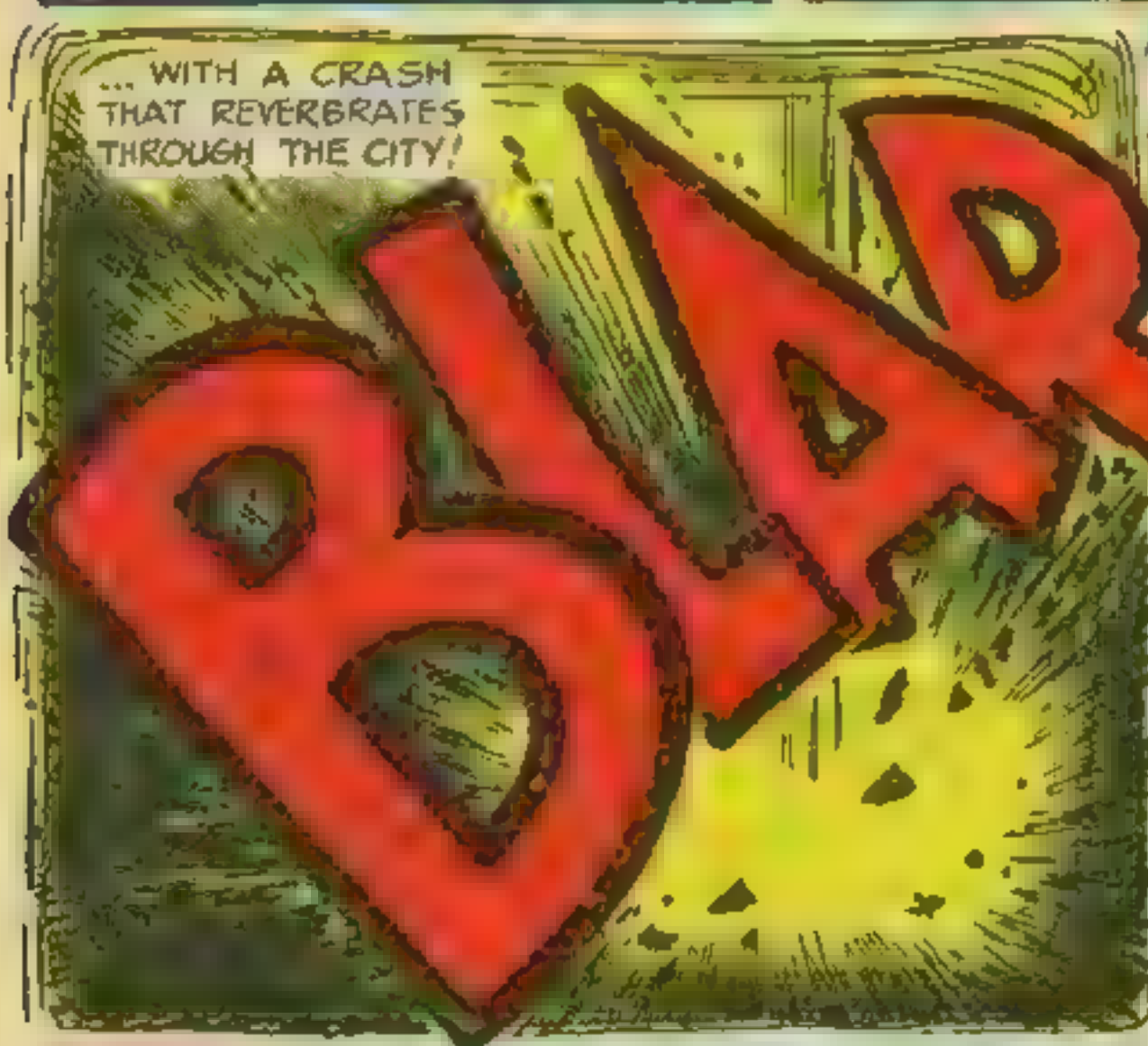
... 30 STORIES IN THE AIR, TWO
CRAZY STONE MASONS BUILDING
A BELL TOWER ACODENTALLY...



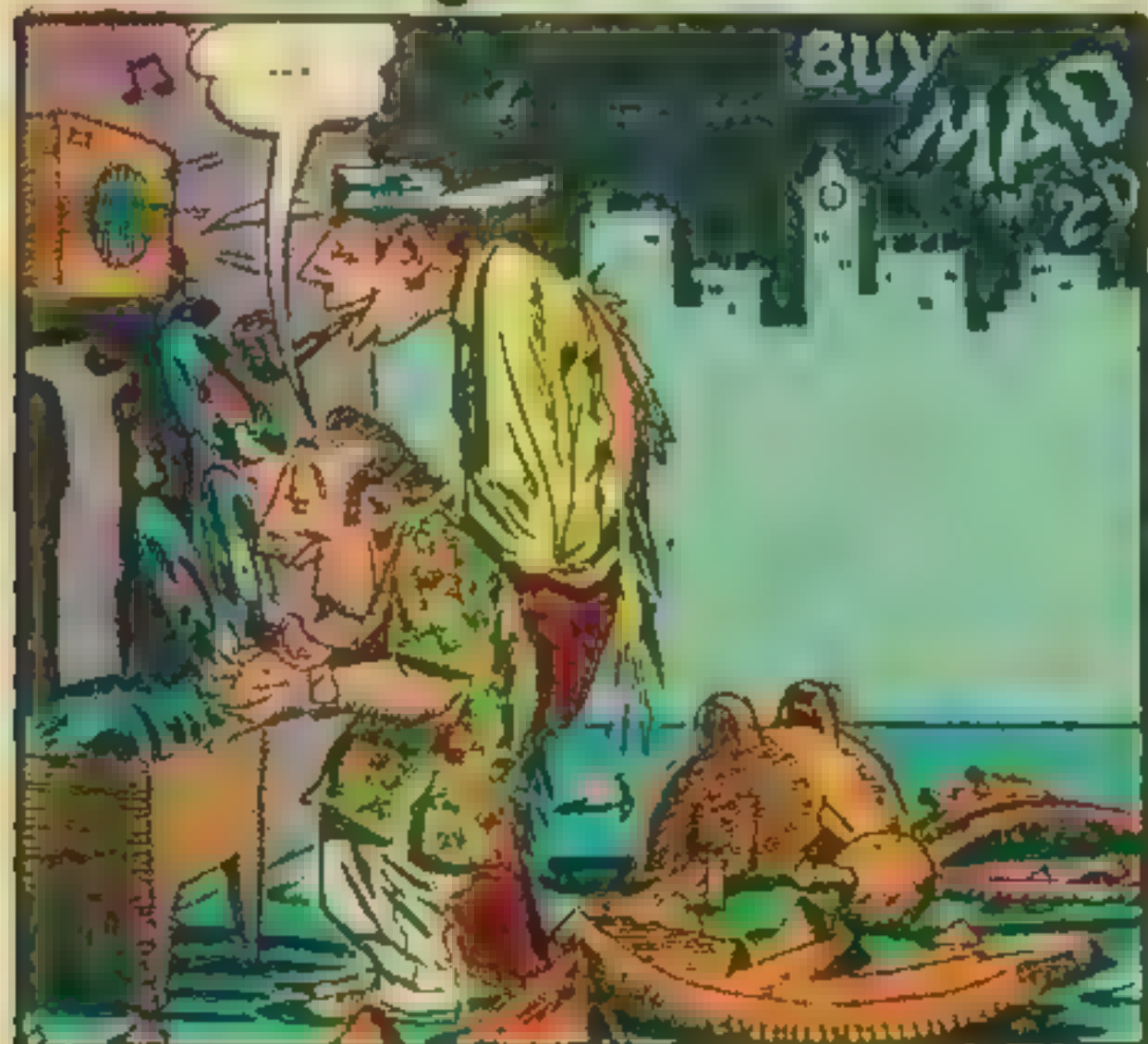
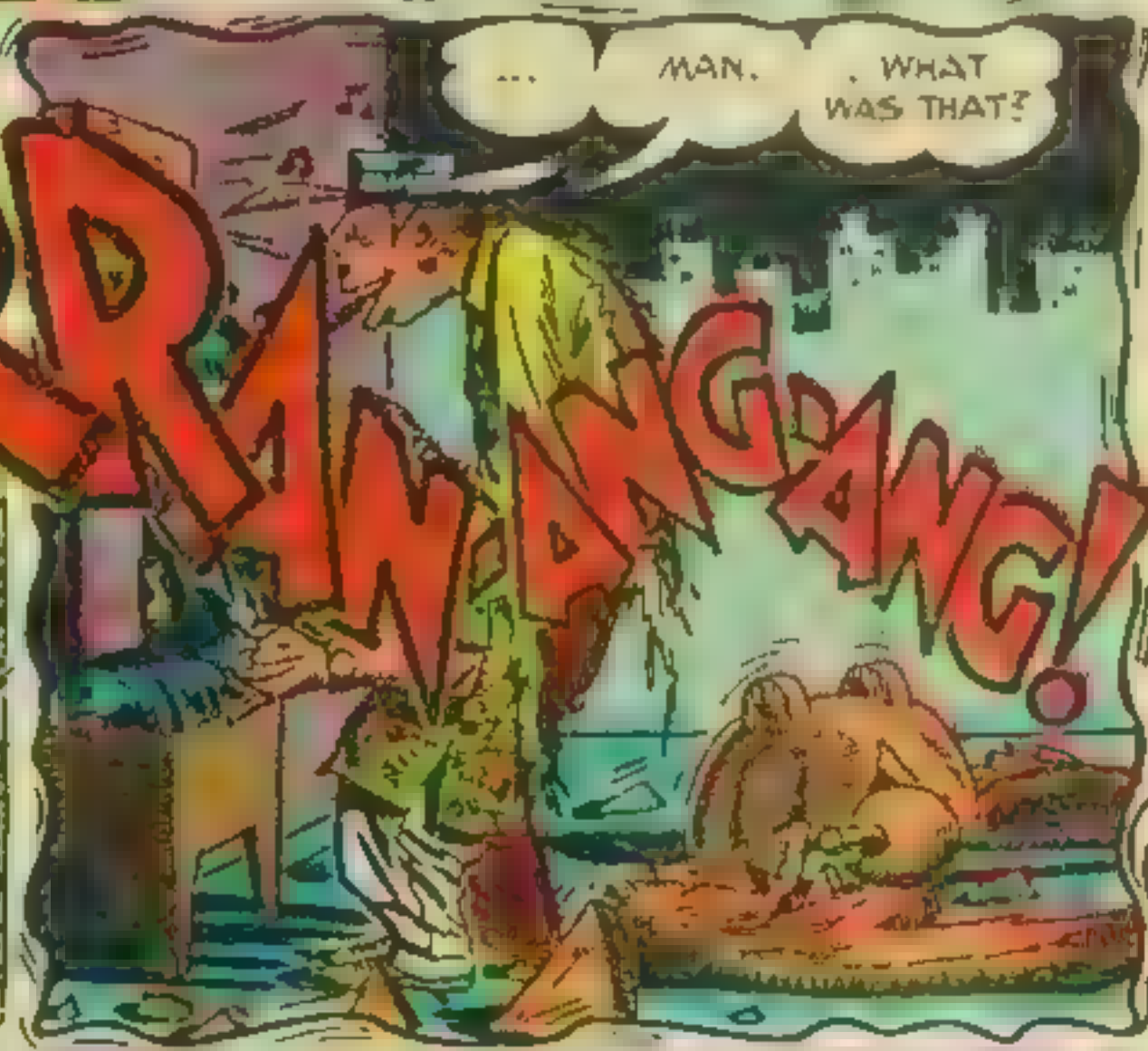
...PUSH OVER THE BELL WHICH
HAS BEEN PERILOUSLY BALANCED
ON THE CORNICE! IT FALLS...



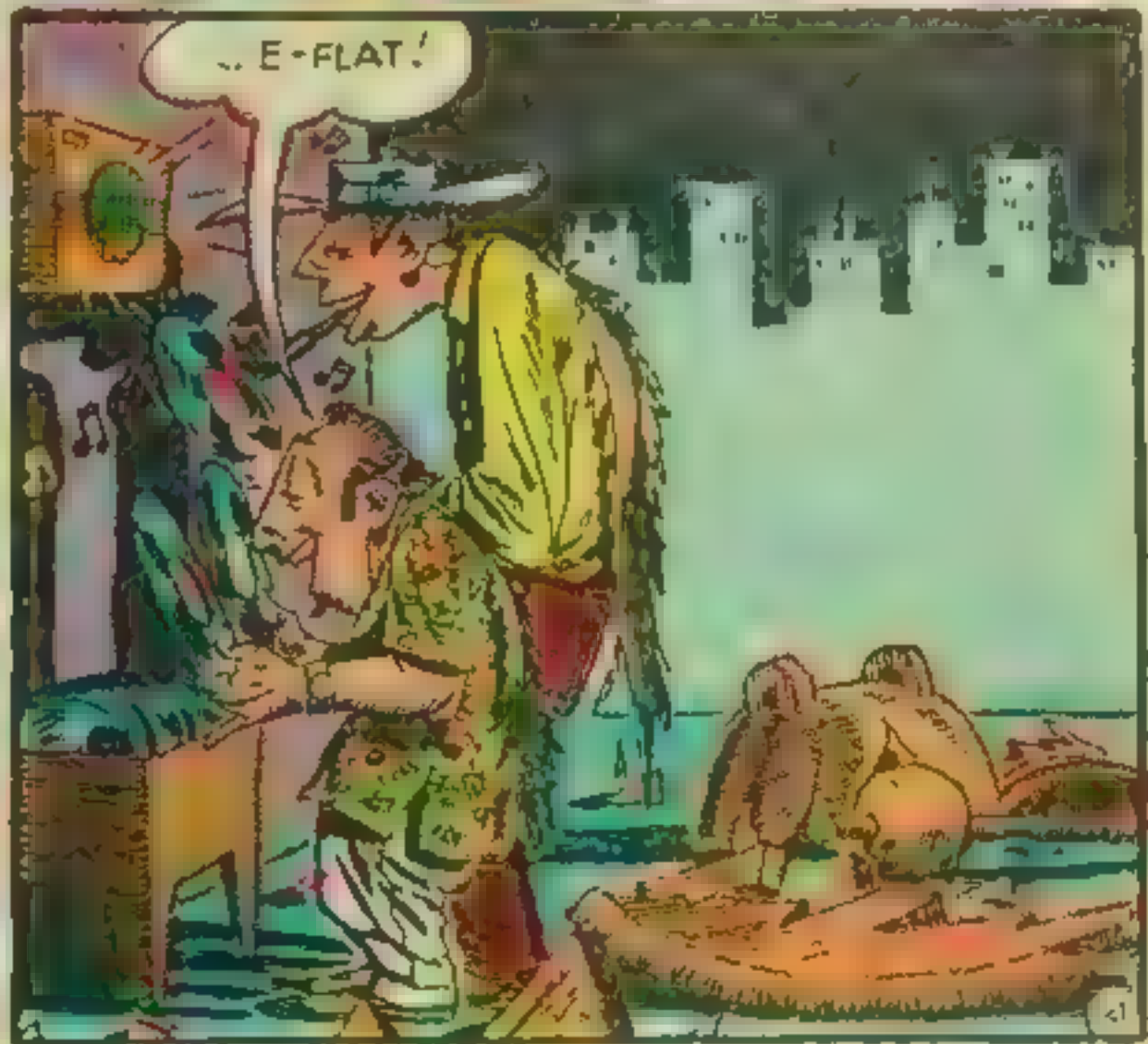
... WITH A CRASH
THAT REVERBERATES
THROUGH THE CITY!



... MAN. WHAT
WAS THAT?



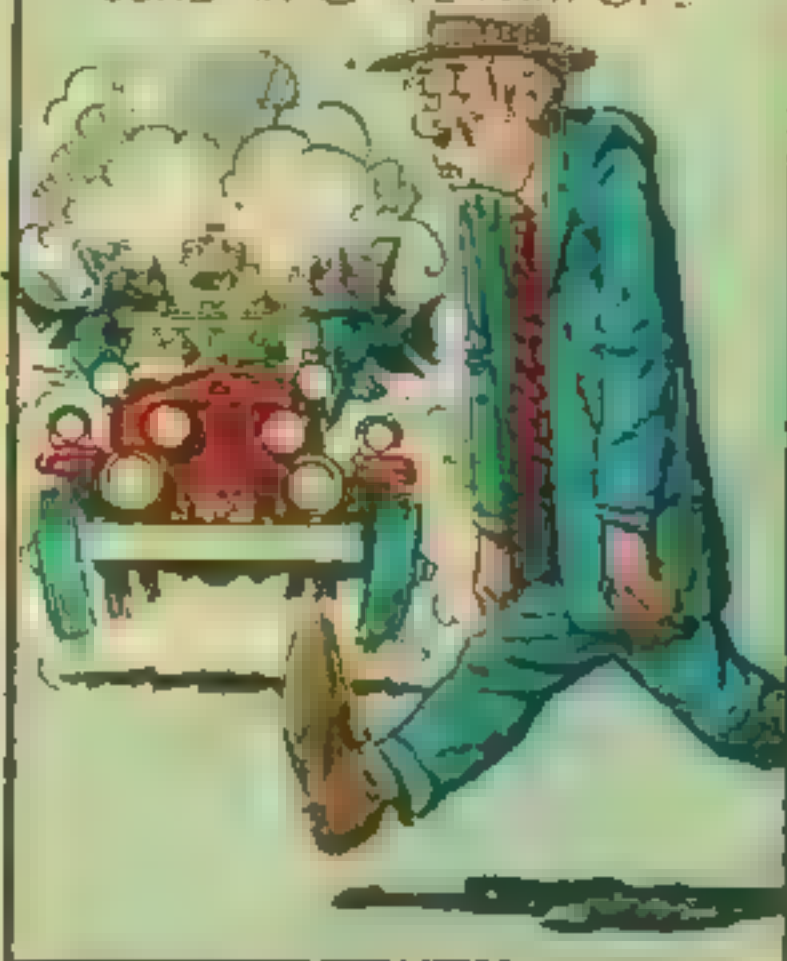
... E-FLAT!



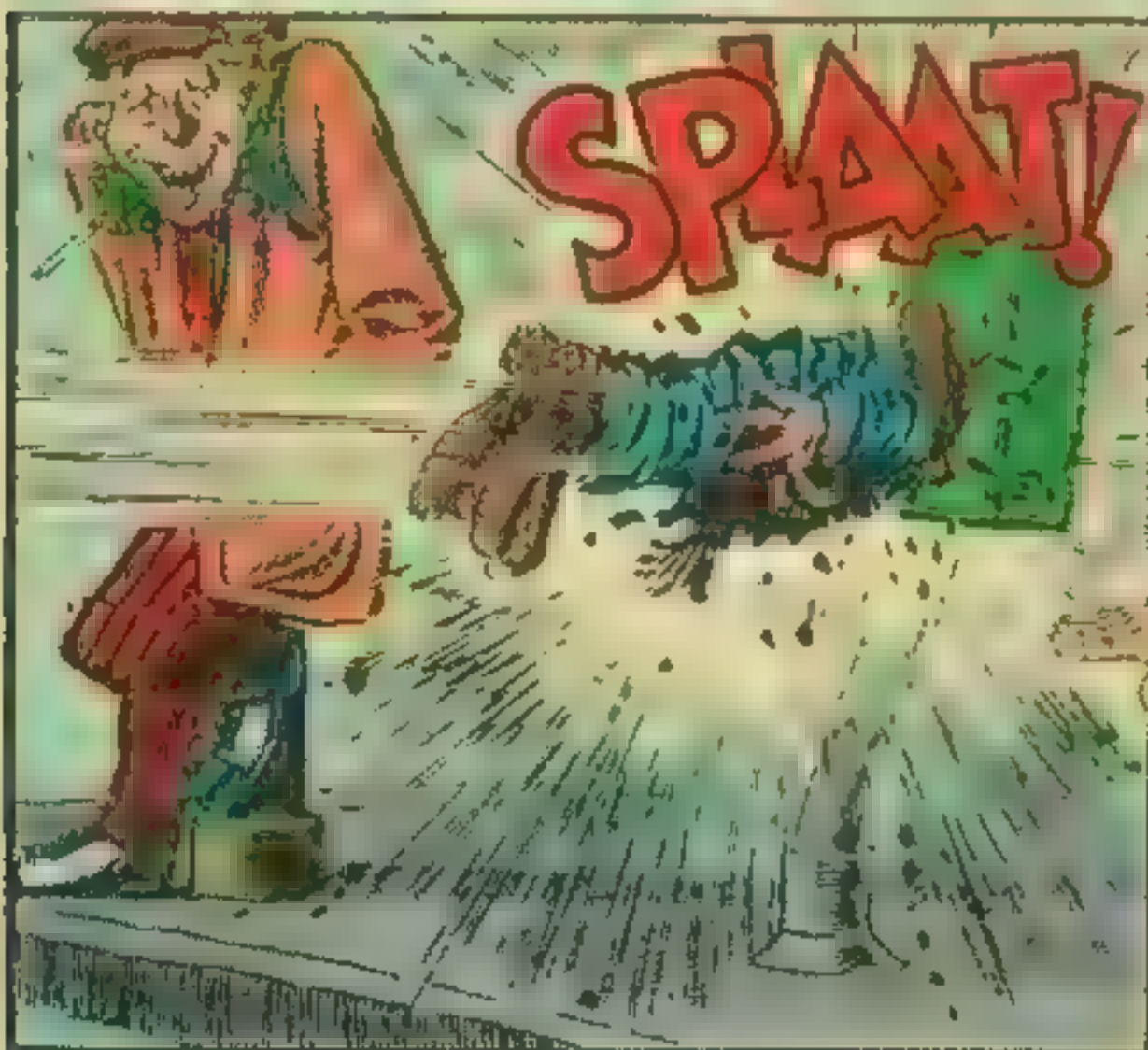
POP JOKE #4: RAT STANDING
ON THE CORNER WONDERING
IF HE SHOULD PIN A FLICK!



A SQUARE STRICTLY A
CUBE, STEPS OFF THE
CURB INTO THE PATH OF...



...A CRAZY FIRE-ENGINE
TEARING ALONG AT NINETY
MILES PER HOUR!



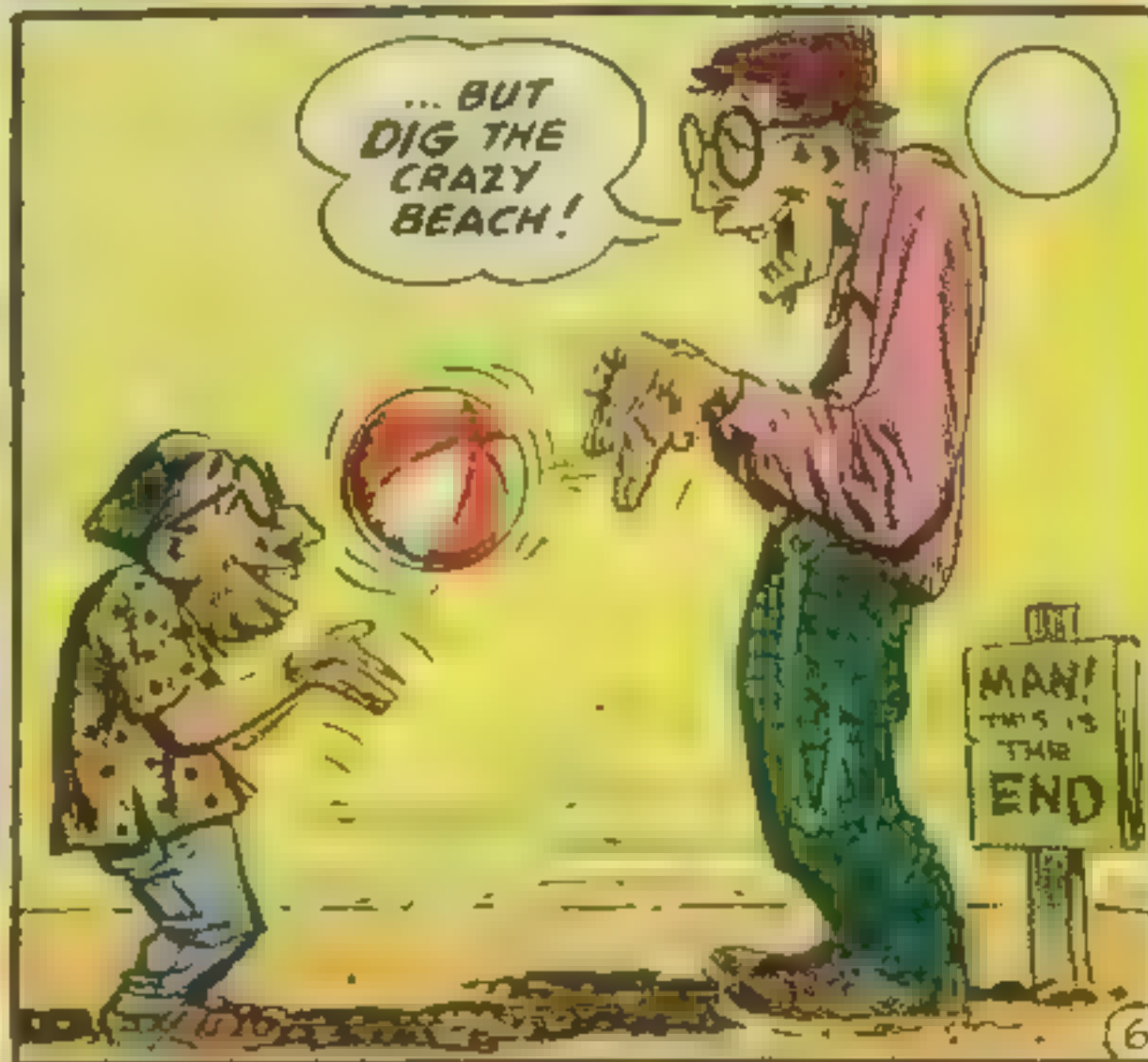
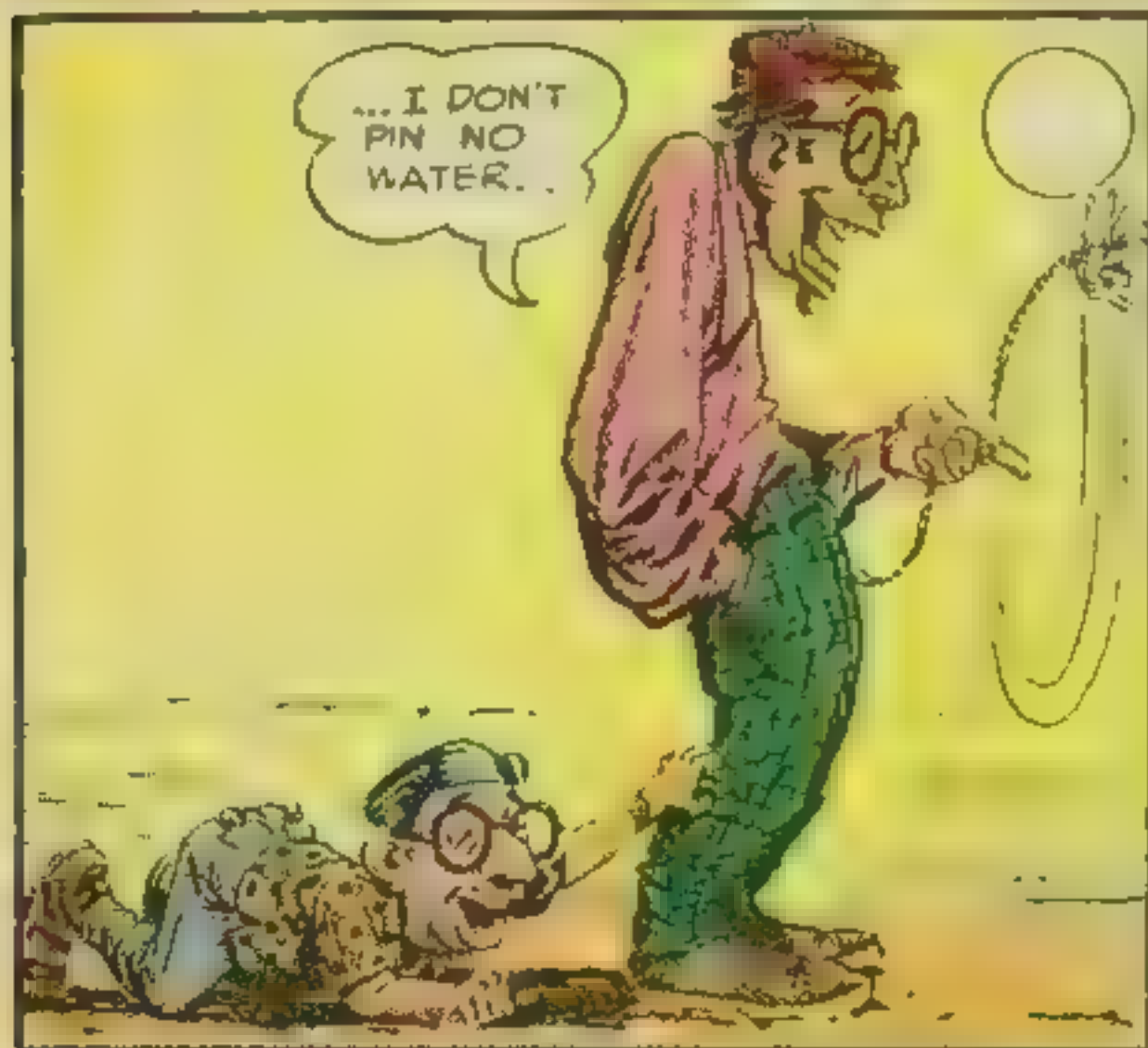
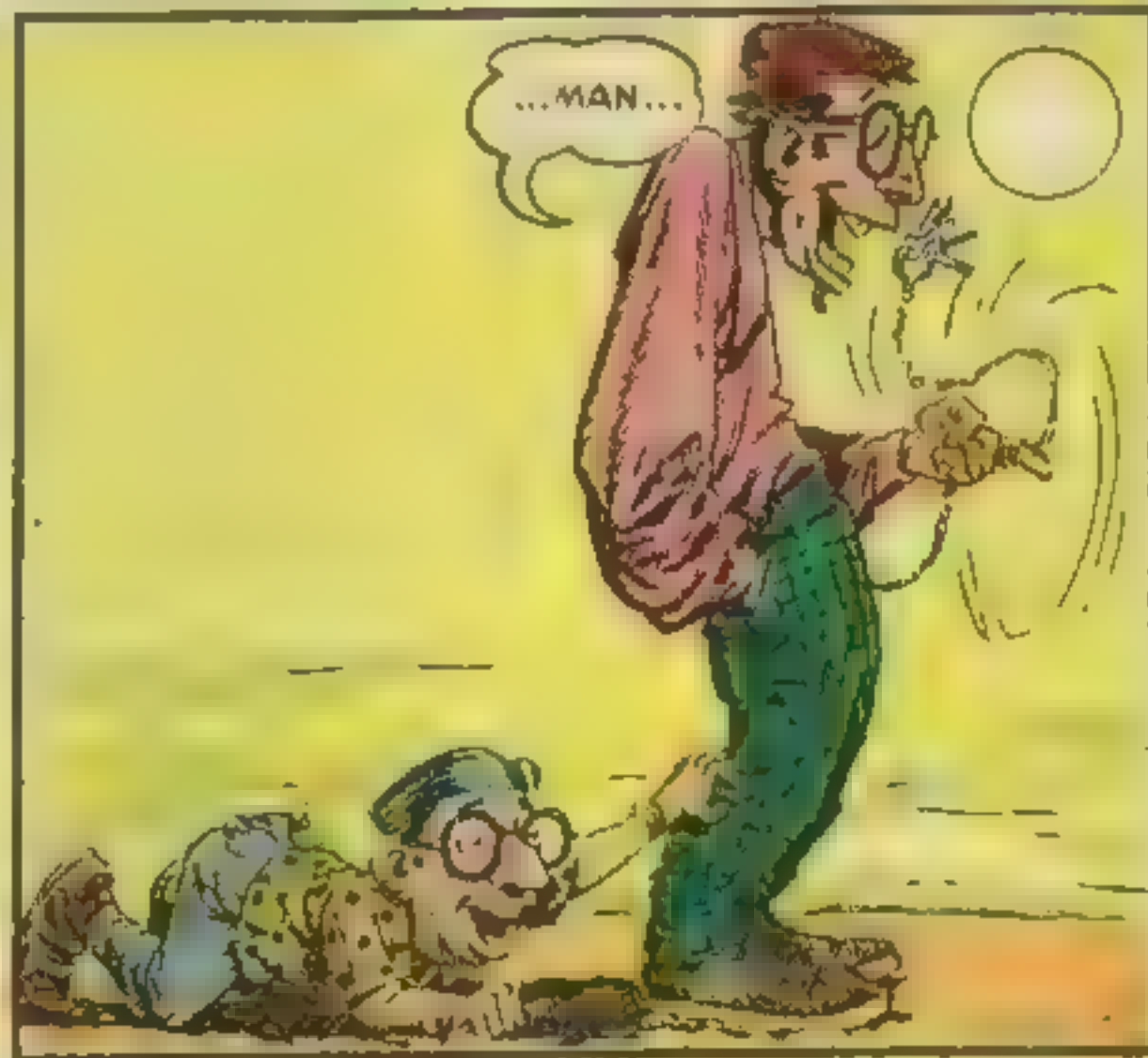
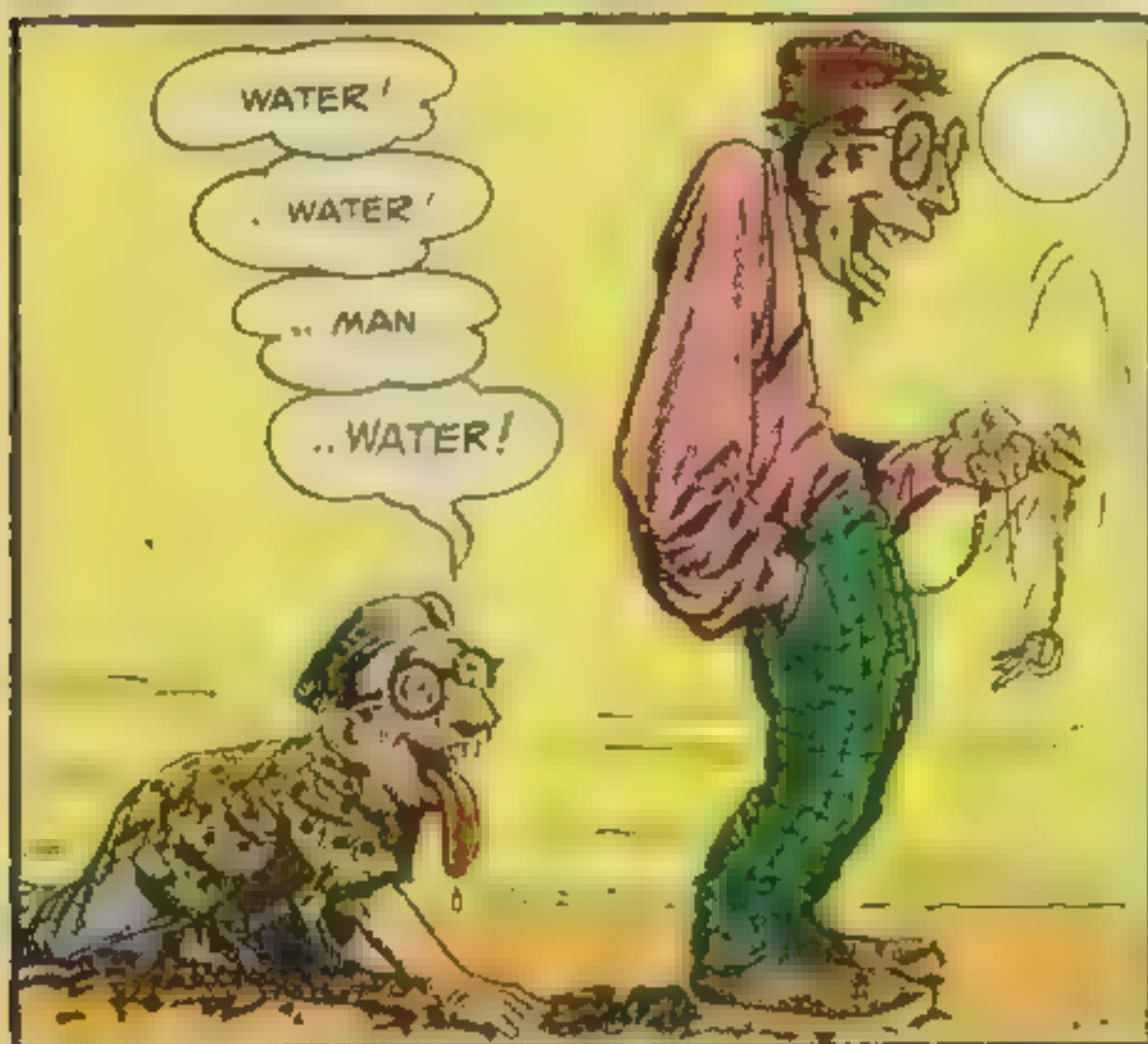
BOP JOKE #5: SOMEHOW A KAT
MANAGES TO BE CRAWLING
ACROSS THE SAHARA DESERT!



HE IS VERY THIRSTY AND FEELS
NOWHERE! SUDDENLY IN THE
DISTANCE UP AHEAD...



...HE SEES, REPLETE IN FLANNEL
PEGS, BLUE SUEDES, AND
GAUCHO SHIRT, ANOTHER KAT..



CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, the THIRD chapter in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you no doubt recall, when last we left Jones, (under the nom de plume of Shovel) he was in a sewer...and who can blame us for leaving him in a sewer. In any case . . . Jones is still in the sewer beneath Moscow, preparing to find out about the filthy Russian plot to manufacture artificial dirt. As our scene opens, Jones's chief is giving him final instructions

OPERATION UNDER THE GROUND

Voices waft up through the sewer grating. "Shovel, here's your destination; the outer gates of the Gremlin in Moscow. You're to use a disguise, of course, during all your operations. Get going, man! Track down that dirt manufacturing plant! GO SHOVEL!"

The grating creaks up cautiously and out crawls Jones disguised as a pushcart peddler named Ivanikoff Tschesklavitchlabiscabonchomislarichicaboosko.

The Russian police, the BVD, are everywhere. They all wear the BVD shoulder patch on their bermuda shorts. Every time a BVD passes, the gloomy street crowd flash pepsodent smiles.

Jones drags his pushcart through Moscow . . . past a sign scrawled on a wall reading "I LIKE IKE," and across it is slashed the word, PURGED . . . past a store window with a tommy gun advertised, "BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY" . . . past another store featuring "waterproof, wrinkleproof Gargoyle Socks," which are actually stove pipes with a bend in them . . . past giant tanks shooting at a dove of peace which drops the olive branch and the Russian soldiers pounce on the olives hungrily and eat them up

. . . past a newsboy who carries a paper bearing the headline "RUSSIAN SCIENTIST DISCOVERS WORLD IS ROUND!" . . . past a gigantic crowd gathered around a mechanical pencil in a window! A little guy in the crowd says, "I still say that black is not white." Immediately a B.V.D. rakes the whole crowd with his tommy gun!

Jones now starts snapping pictures of such useful subjects as a blank wall, the rear end of a horse, a portion of the sky, and a posey growing in the road. He is trying to detect signs of dirty work. He still drags his cart in and out of side streets in search of the artificial soil.

A luscious blonde sidles up to him. "My name is Floppova Movova an' I like you, you beeg mans. Those shoulders and muscles, ahhhhh . . ." She squeezes his muscles and they collapse with a soft POOOOooooohh...

... Well! ... Who is Floppova?

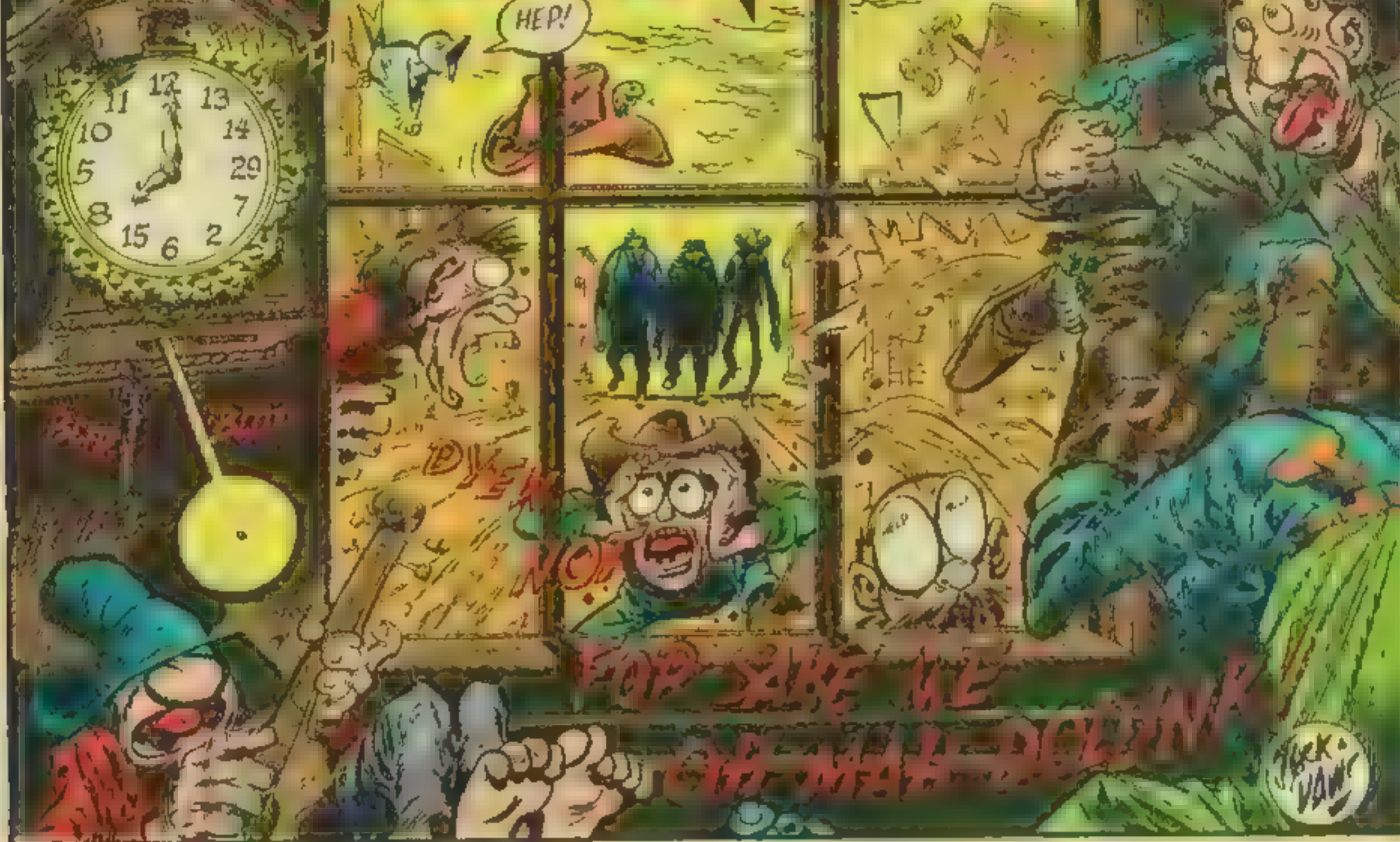
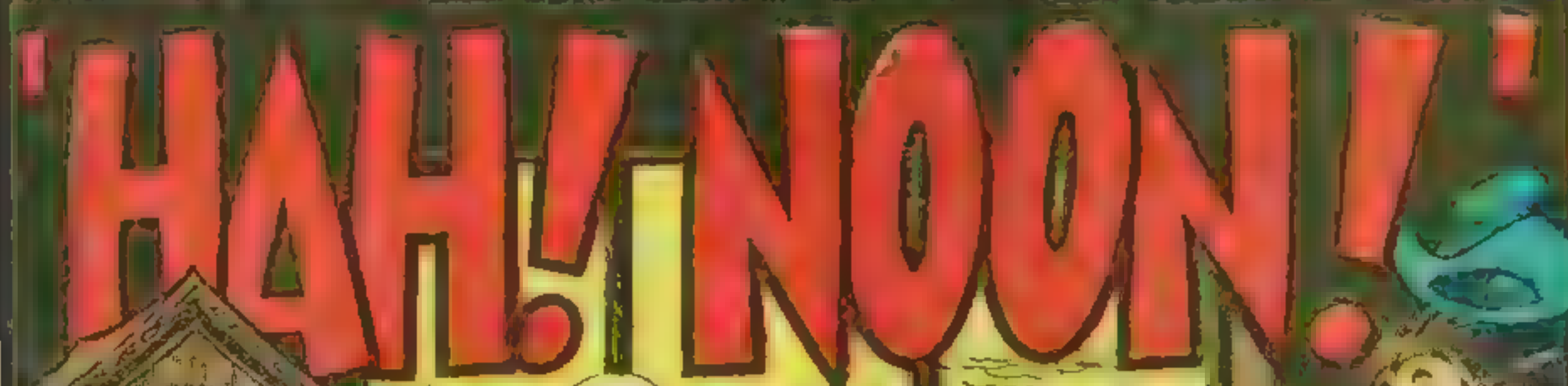
... Does Shovel really Movova?

... What is the meaning of POOOOoooooh?

... Who cares?

Find out in the next issue of Mad... the magazine calculated to drive you!

WESTERN DEPT. FAR FAR WESTERN DEPT. IN FACT, HOLLYWOOD. ANYHOW, A HOT SUMMER SUN LOOKS DOWN ON A TERRI-
FIED COW-TOWN WHERE WORD IS FLYING FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH. "GOSH! KILLER DILLER MILLER IS OUT OF JAIL!" "CHEE!
HE'S A-COMIN' TO TOWN!" "DURN! HE'S A-COMIN' ON THE TRAIN!" "HOOH! WHEN'S HE A-COMIN'?"



THREE MEN STRIDE DOWN THE DUSTY STREET WHICH IS
 QUIET BUT FOR THE QUICK SCUTTLING OF CITIZENS
 DISAPPEARING INTO DOORWAYS AND RAIN BARRELS!

... AND THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MEN NUTHIN' YOU COULD PUT YOUR **FINGER** ON... BUT SOME STRANGE SIXTH SENSE **SOMEHOW** TELLS YOU THEY'RE **ORNERY!**

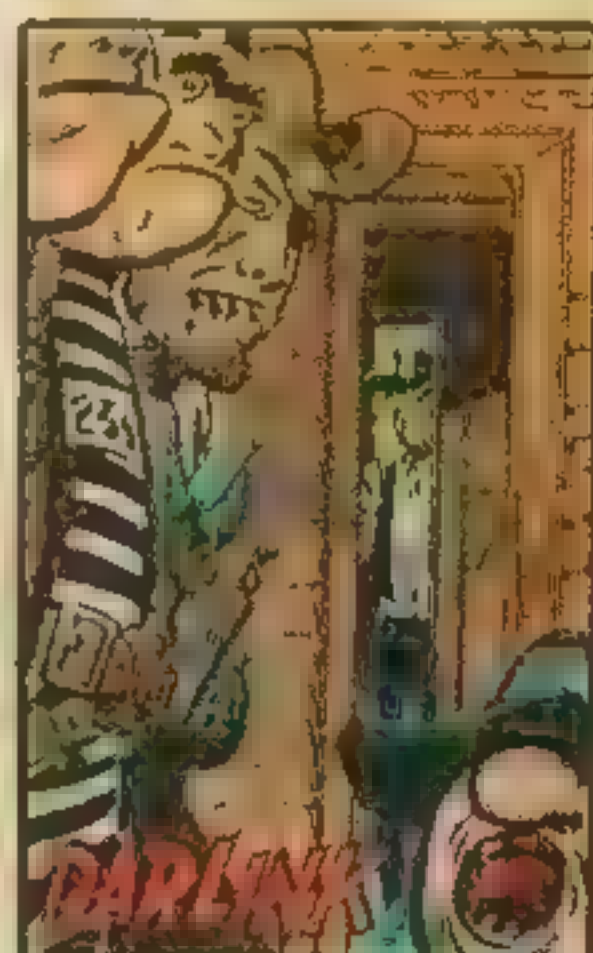


.. OFF TO THE SIDE ONLY
ONE MAN IS BRAVE ENOUGH
TO STAND HIS GROUND

.. ONLY **ONE** MAN DOES
NOT MOVE AN INCH FROM
WHERE HE STANDS!

.. ONLY **ONE** MAN TAKES
NO STEP BACKWARD AS HE
SURVEYS THE SCENE!

.. MARSHALL KANE CALMLY
WATCHES THE THREE OWL-
HOOTS STRIDE BY!



WELL NOT FOR SOME ME OH DARLIN

MARSHALL! MARSHALL! MARSHALL! LISTEN!... THEM
OWL-HOOTS WHO JUST CUM INTER TOWN!... THEY'RE
GOIN' DOWN TO THE TRAIN STATION!... THEY'RE GOIN'
TO WAIT FOR THE HIGH-NOON TRAIN! THEY'RE GOIN'
TO WAIT FOR KILLER DILLER MILLER AND THEY'RE GOIN'
TO COME AND **KILL YOU!**

OH NO! WE'VE
JUST BEEN MARRIED!
THEY CAN'T KILL HIM!...
NOT AT HIGH-NOON!
KANE WAS GONNA TAKE
ME TO THE MOVING
PITCHERS TONIGHT!

DO NOT
FORGET
ME

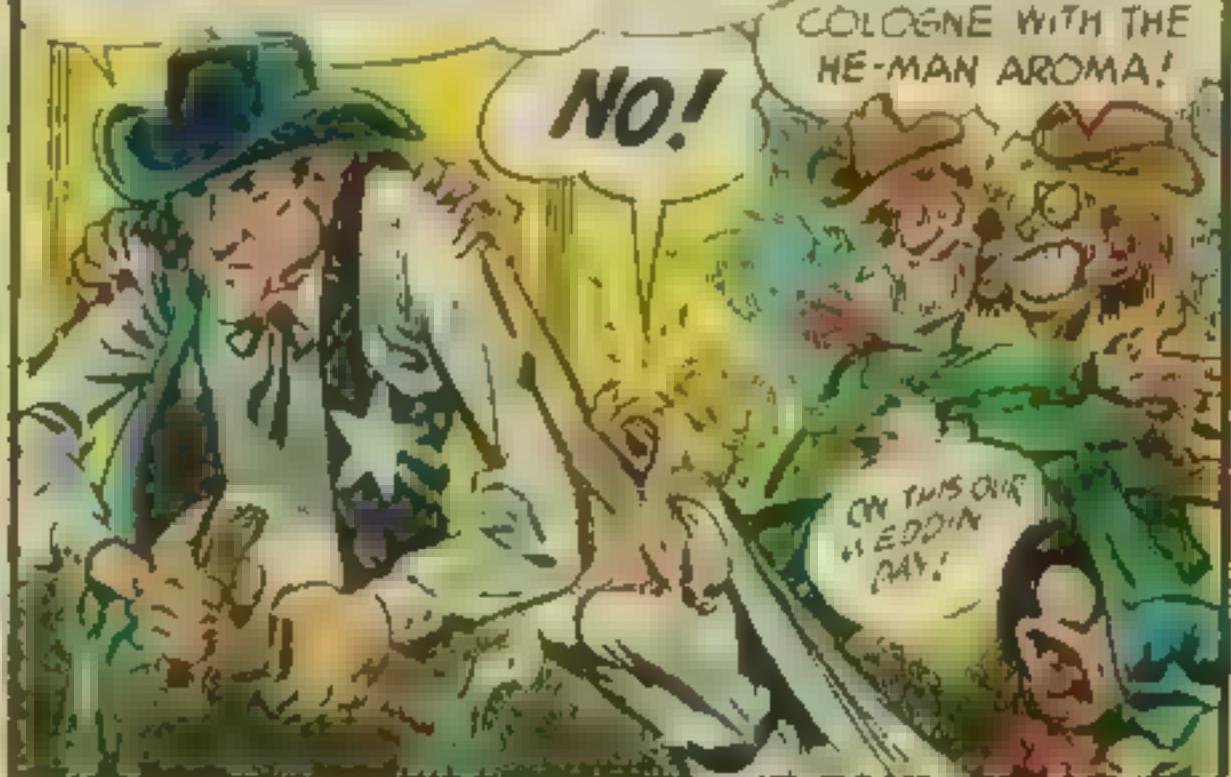


WMPH! KILLER DILLER MILLER'S BEEN
OUT TO GET ME EVER SINCE I SENT
HIM UP!... THERE WE WERE AT THE
CONEY ISLAND PARACHUTE JUMP
AND I SENT HIM UP! I RECKON
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!
I GOTTA GO MEET THAT TRAIN!

UH-OH! HE'S
A-PUTTIN' ON
HIS GUNS...
A-PUTTIN' ON
HIS HAT... AN'
A-PUTTIN' ON HIS
'OLD SPICE'
COLOGNE WITH THE
HE-MAN AROMA!

NO!

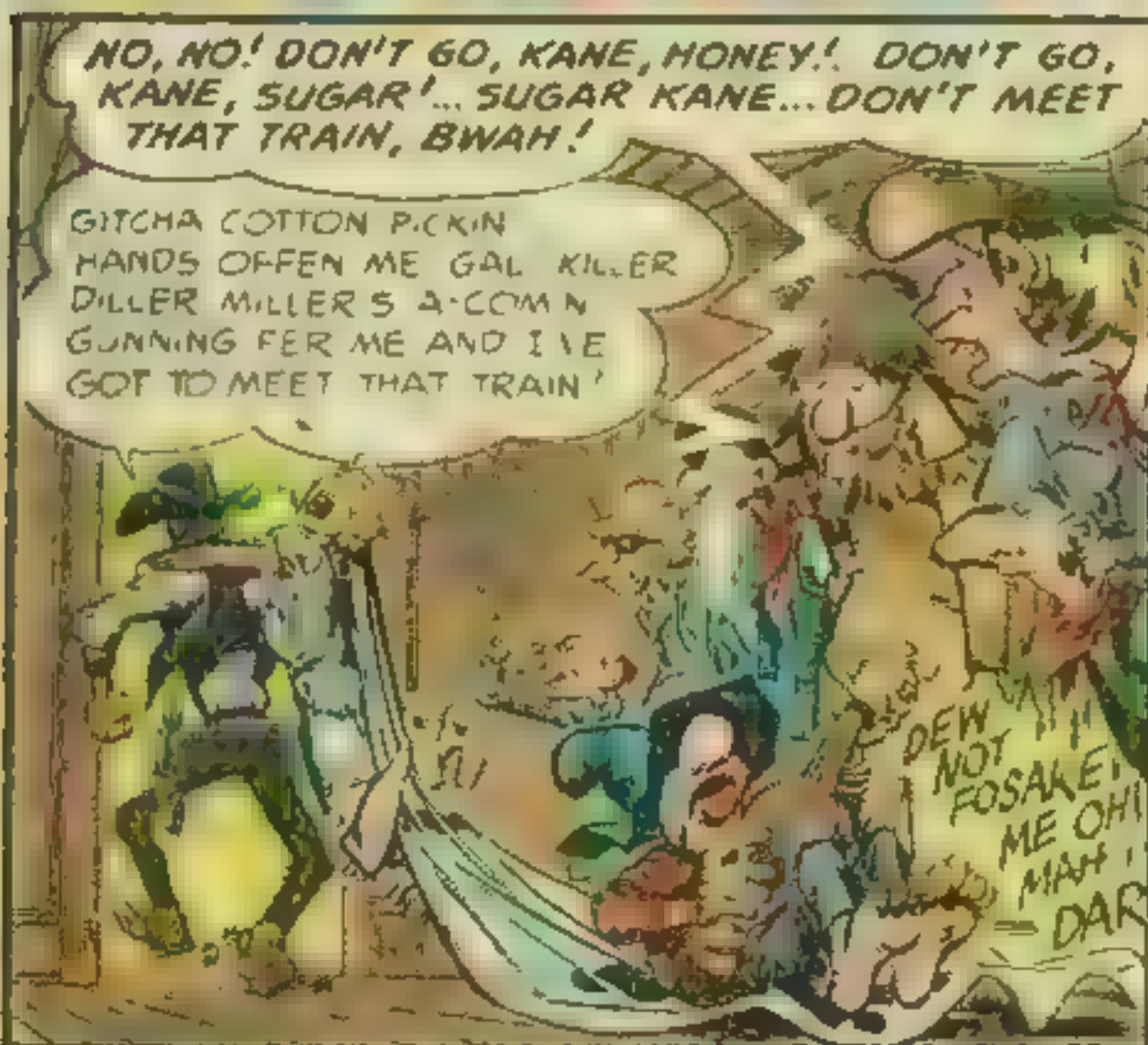
ON THIS OUR
WEDDIN
DAY!



NO, NO! DON'T GO, KANE, HONEY! DON'T GO,
KANE, SUGAR!... SUGAR KANE... DON'T MEET
THAT TRAIN, BWAH!

GITCHA COTTON PICKIN
HANDS OFFEN ME GAL KILLER
DILLER MILLER'S A-COMIN
GUNNING FER ME AND I'VE
GOT TO MEET THAT TRAIN!

DEW NOT
FOSAKE
ME OH
MAM
DARL

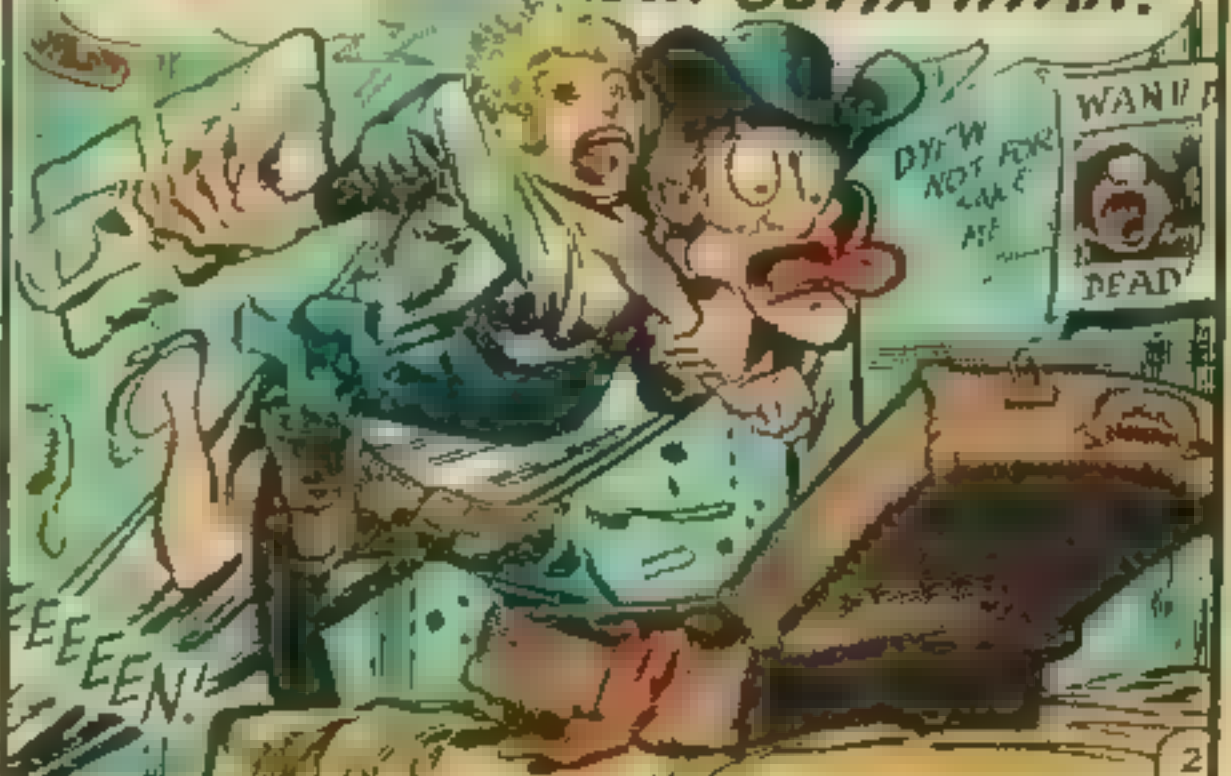


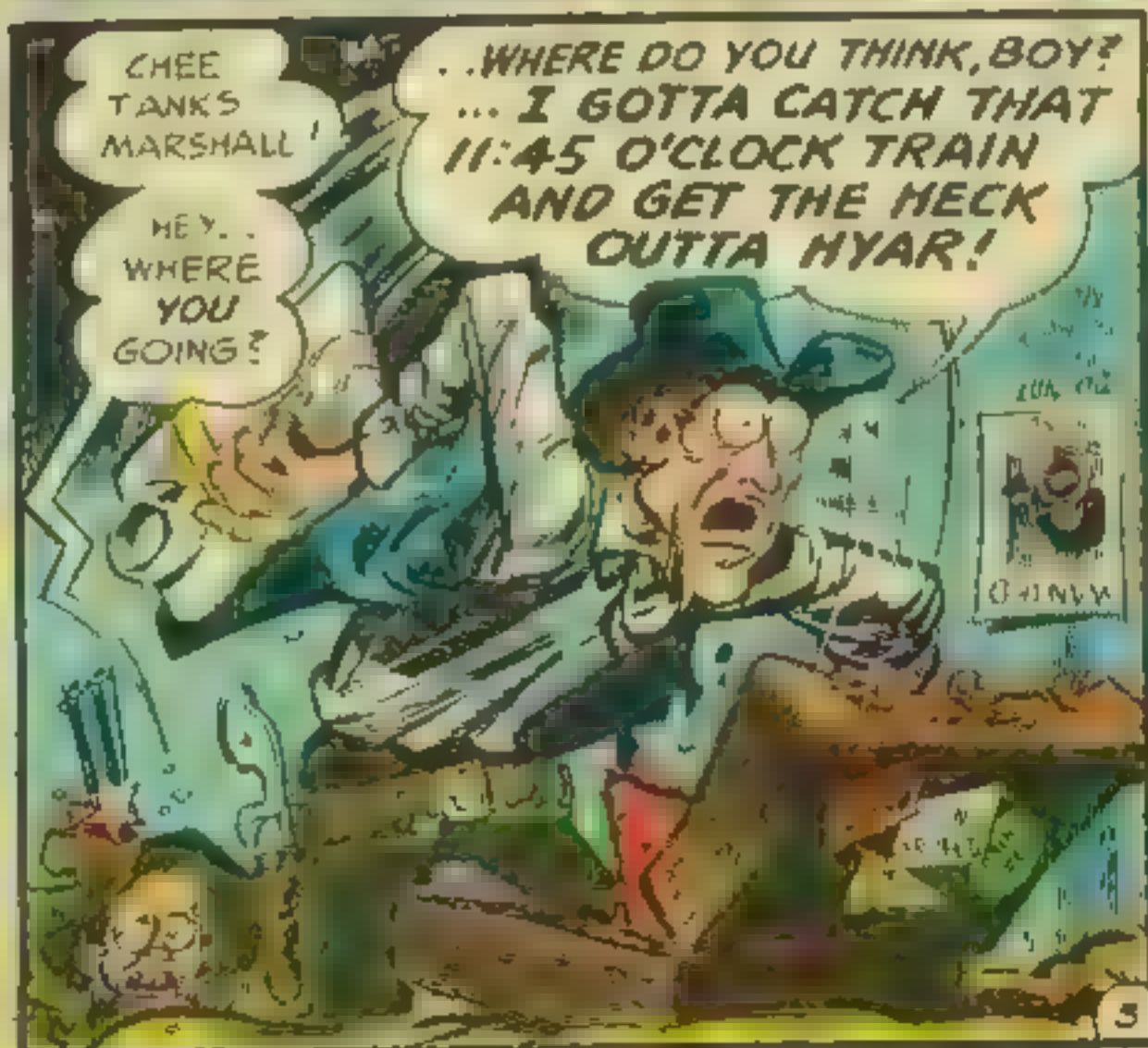
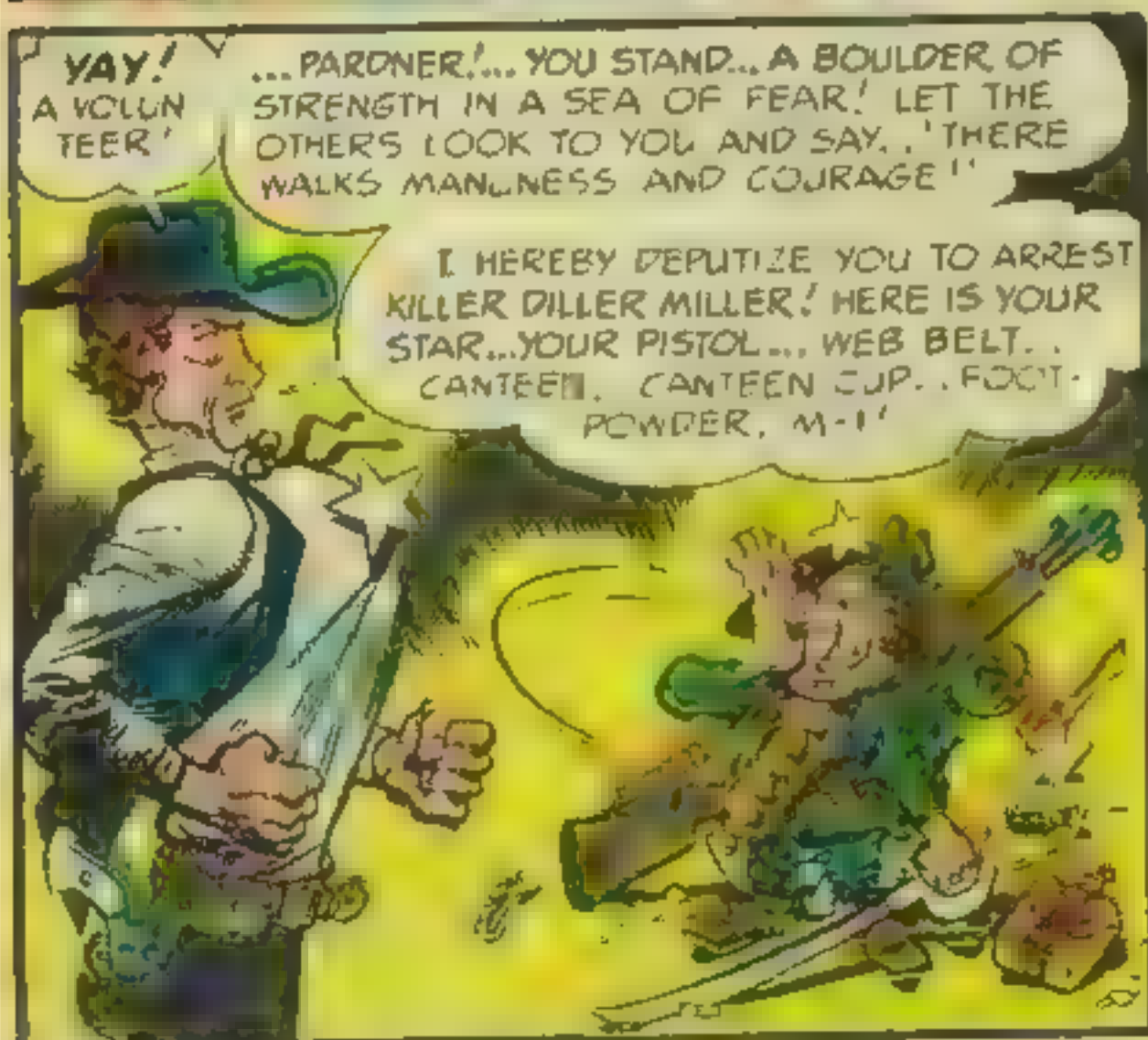
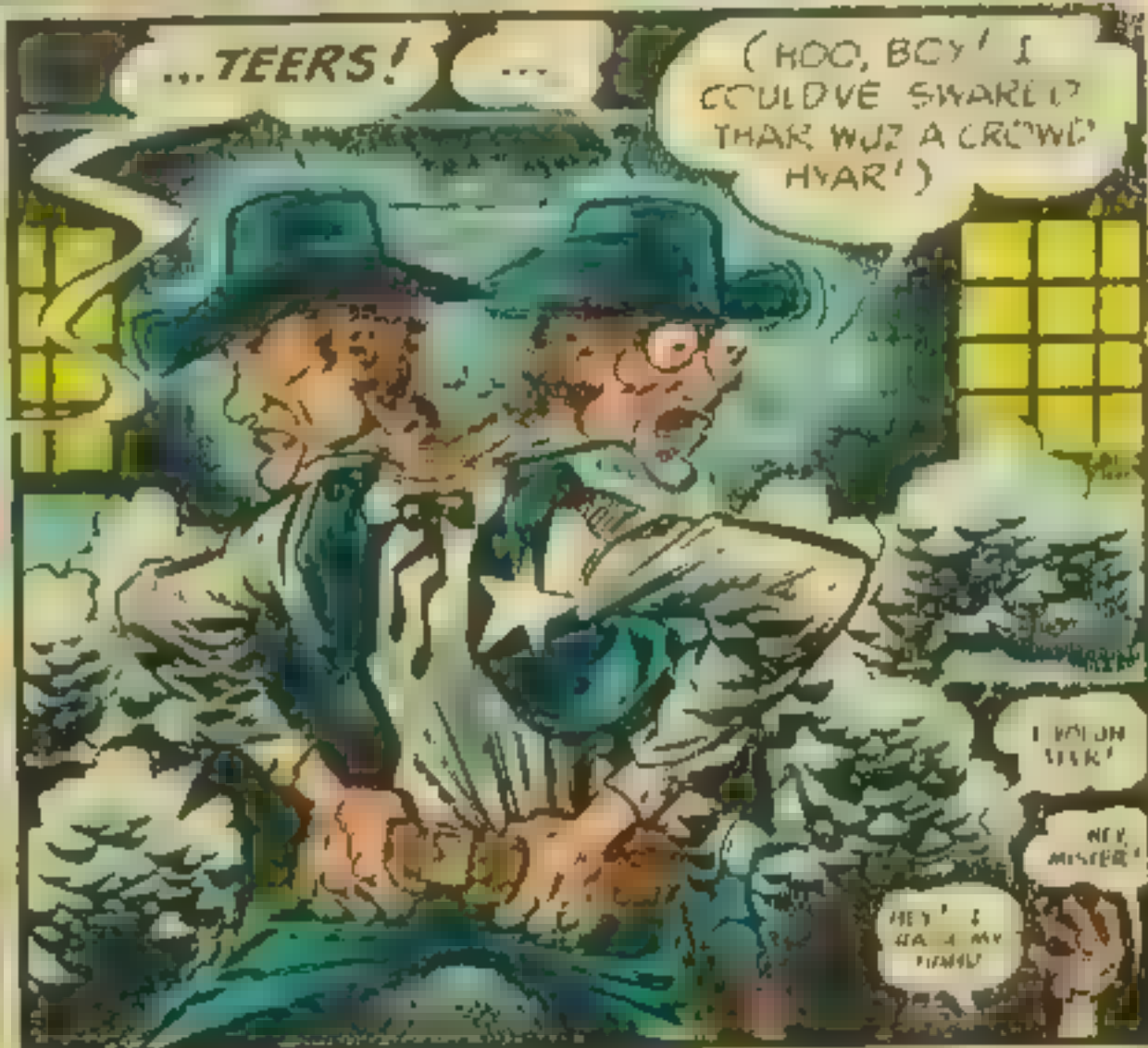
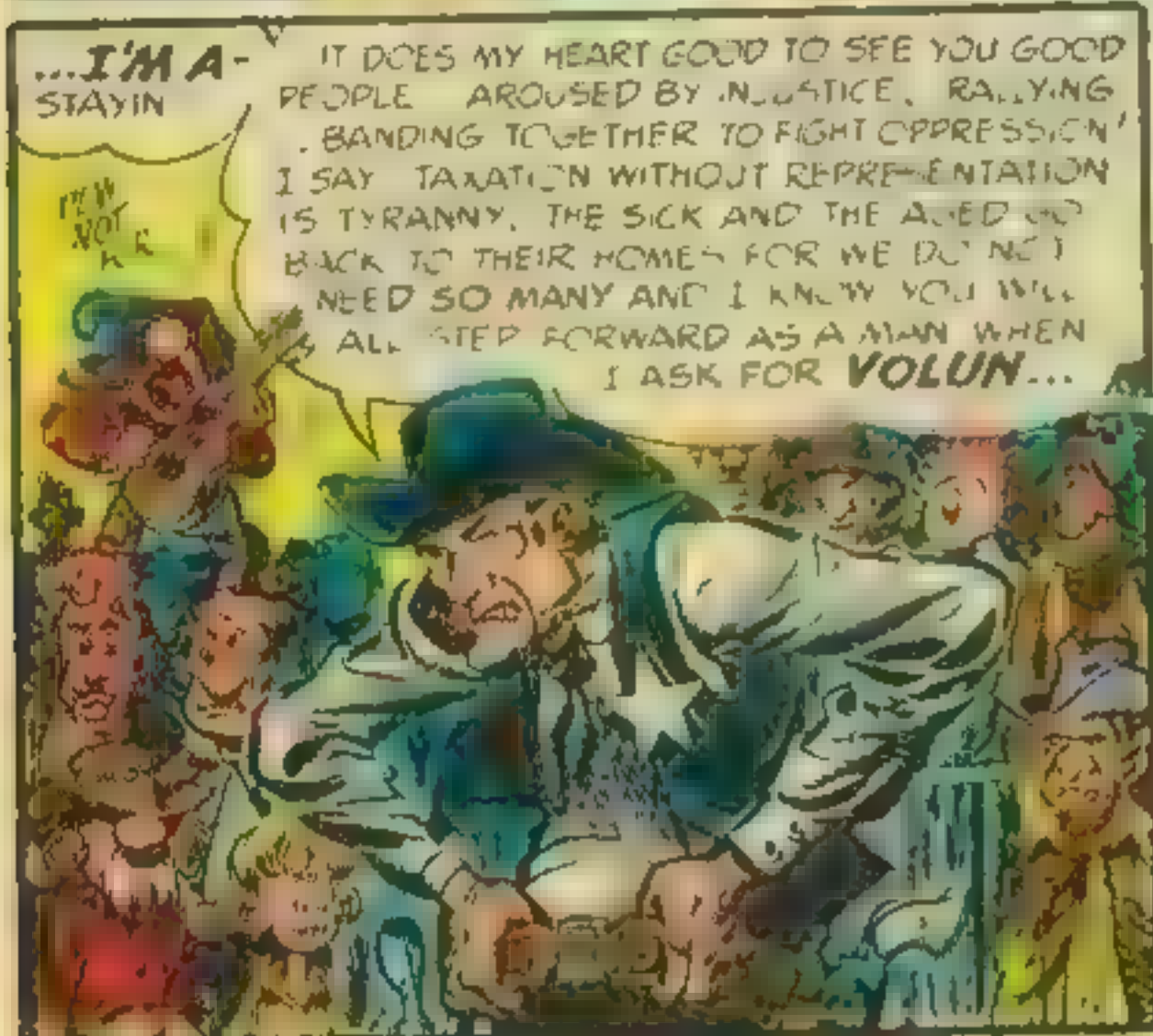
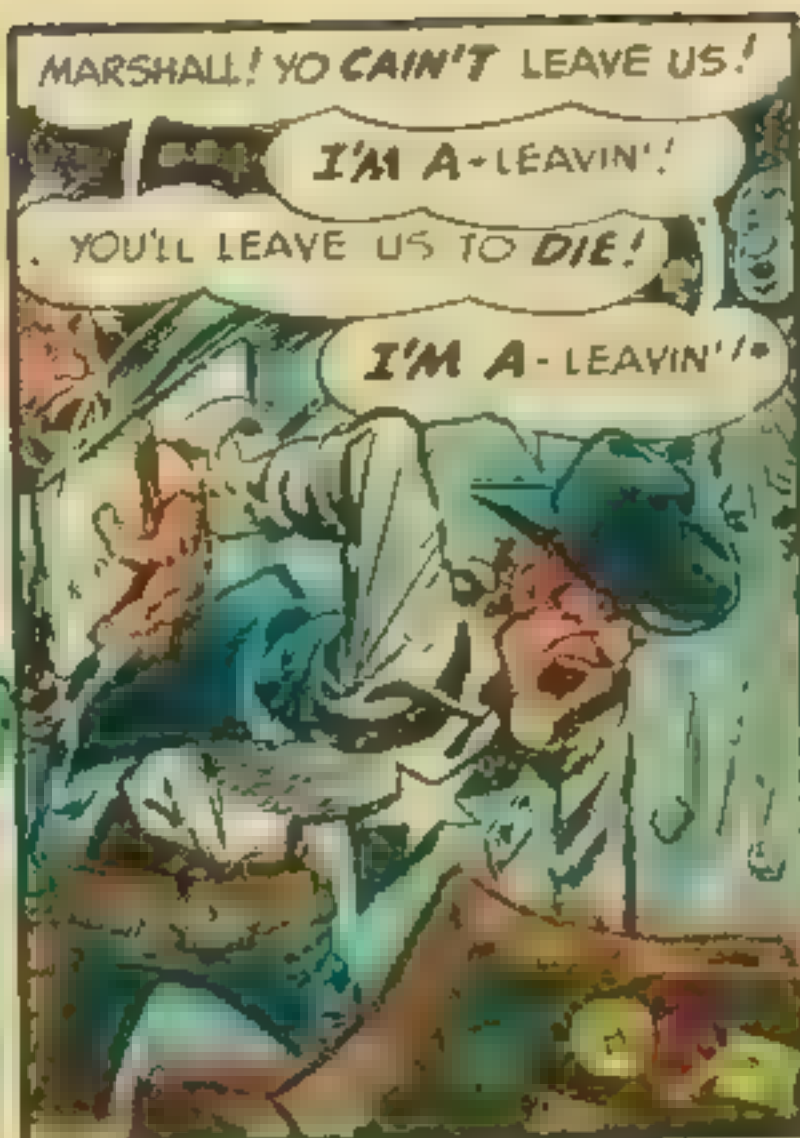
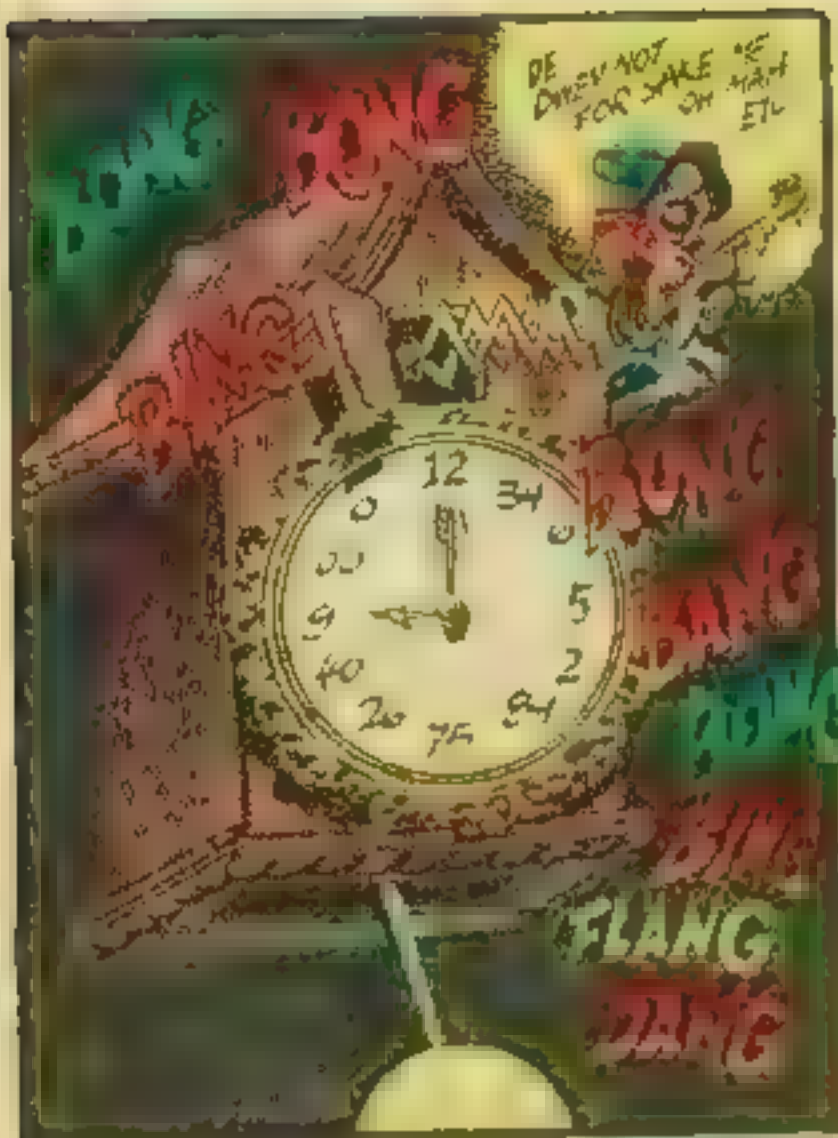
KANE IF YOU MEET THAT
12:00 O'CLOCK TRAIN
KILLER DILLER MILLER
WILLER KILLER YOU,
AND I'LL NEVER GET TO
GO TO THAT MOVING
PITCHER!

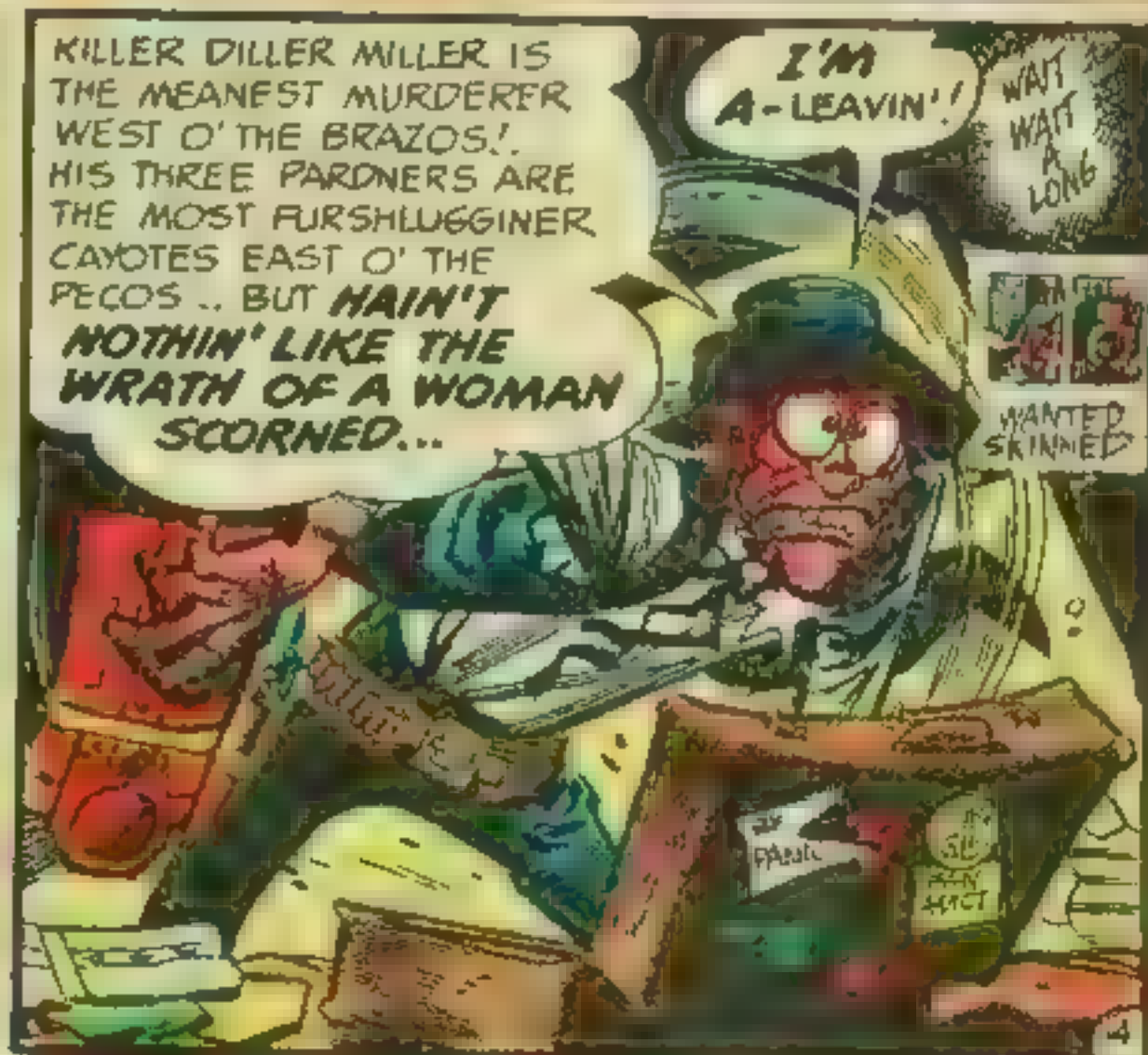
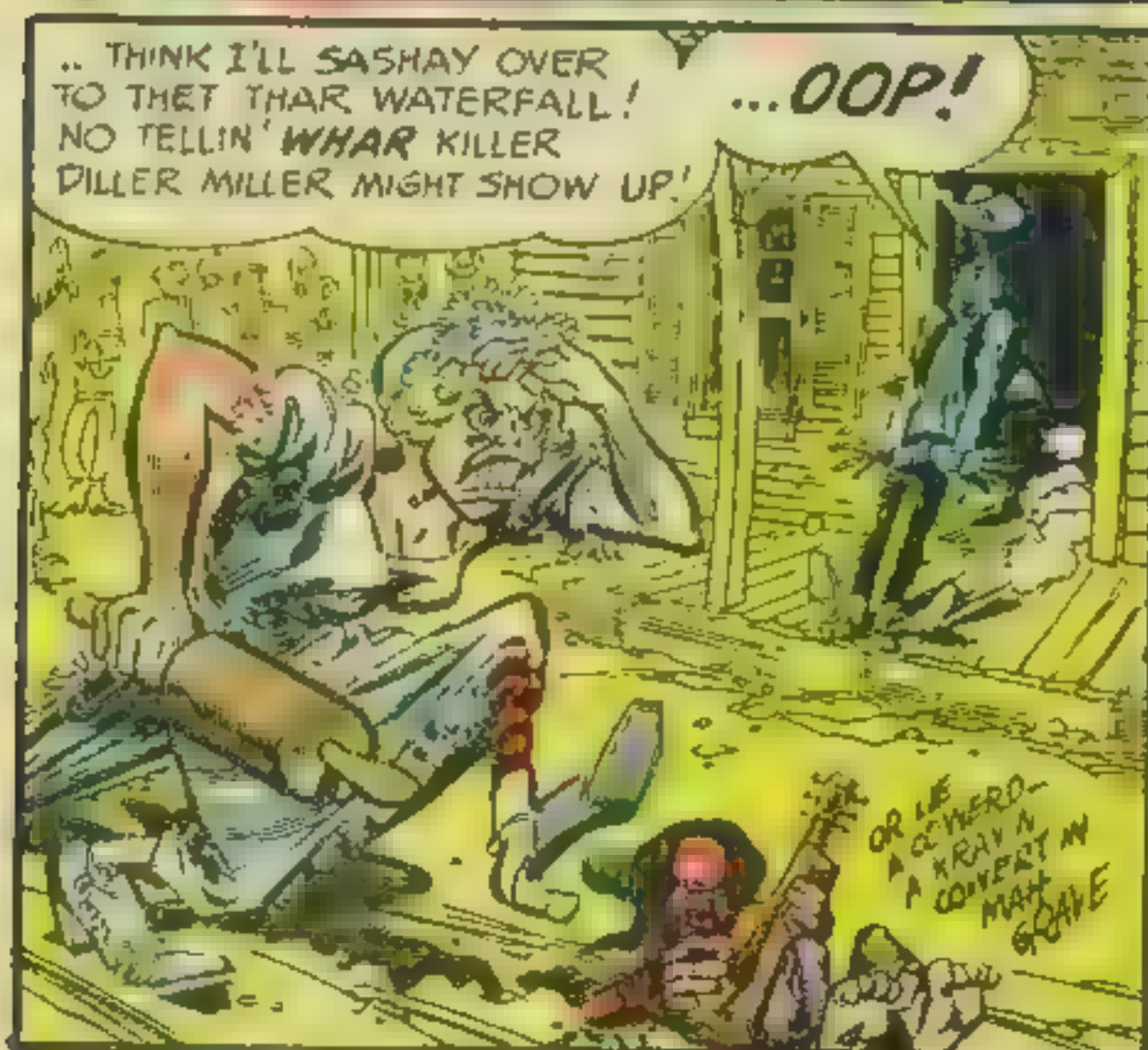
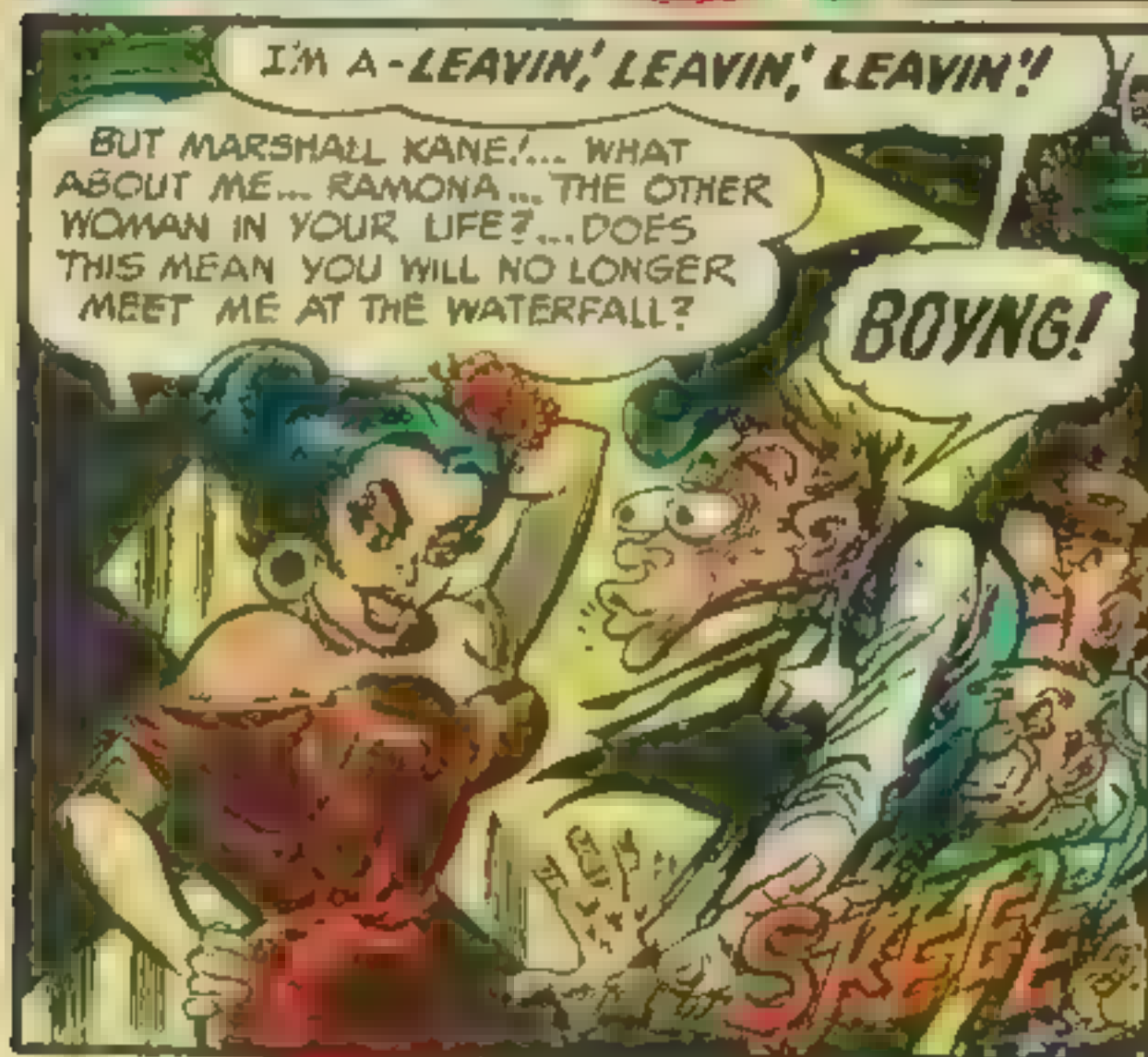
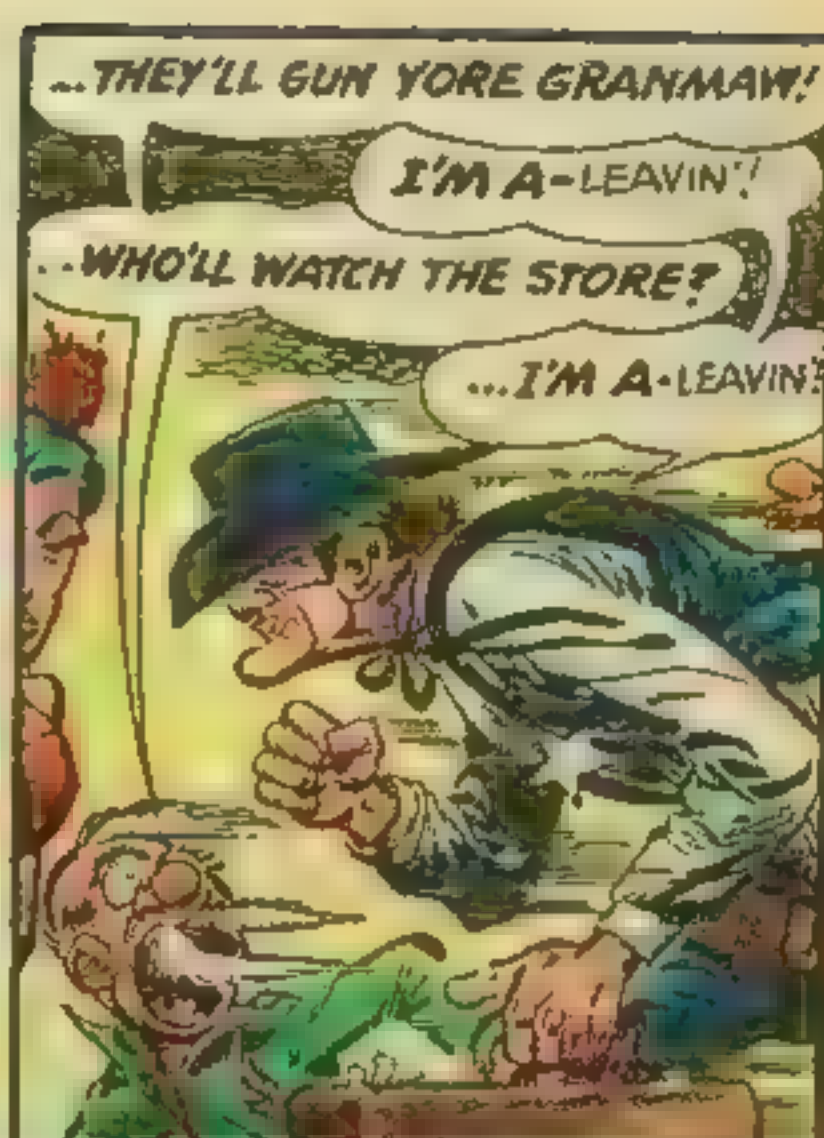
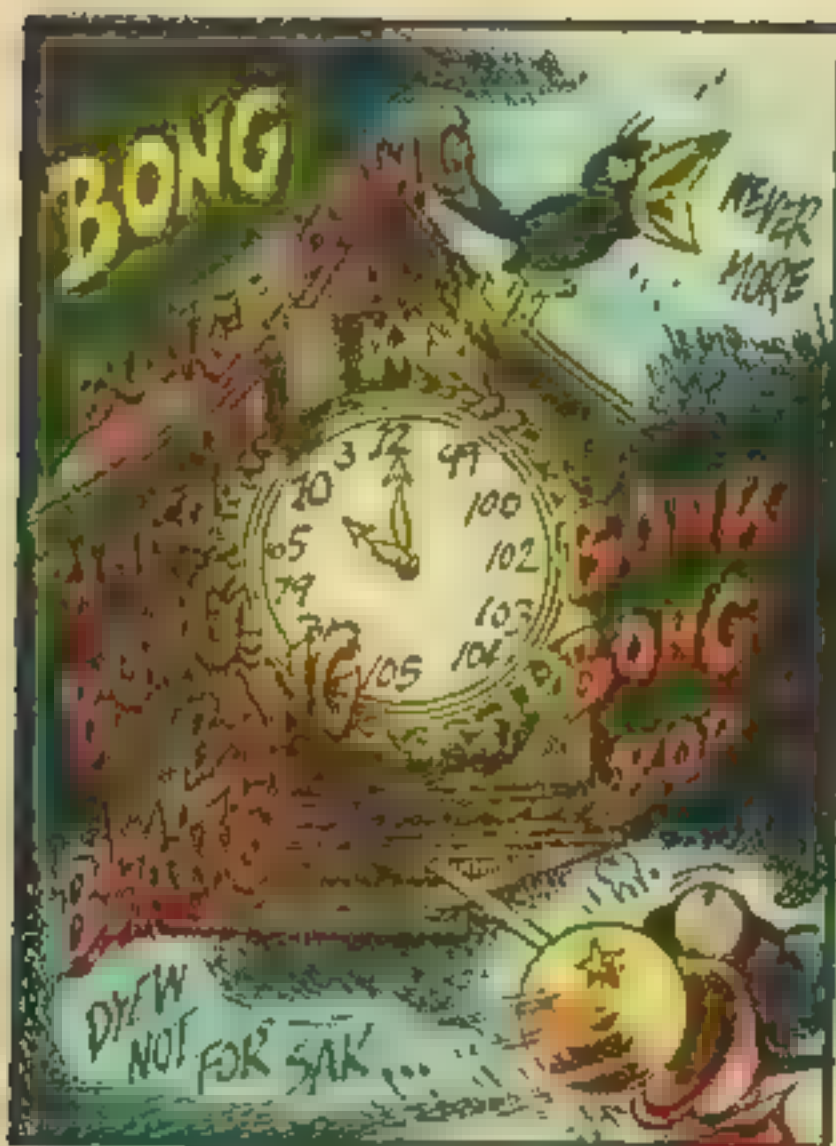
12:00 O'CLOCK TRAIN?
WHO SAID ANYTHING
ABOUT A **TWELVE**
O'CLOCK TRAIN! I GOTTA
MEET THE 11:45 O'CLOCK
TRAIN AN' GIT THE
HECK OUTTA HYAR!

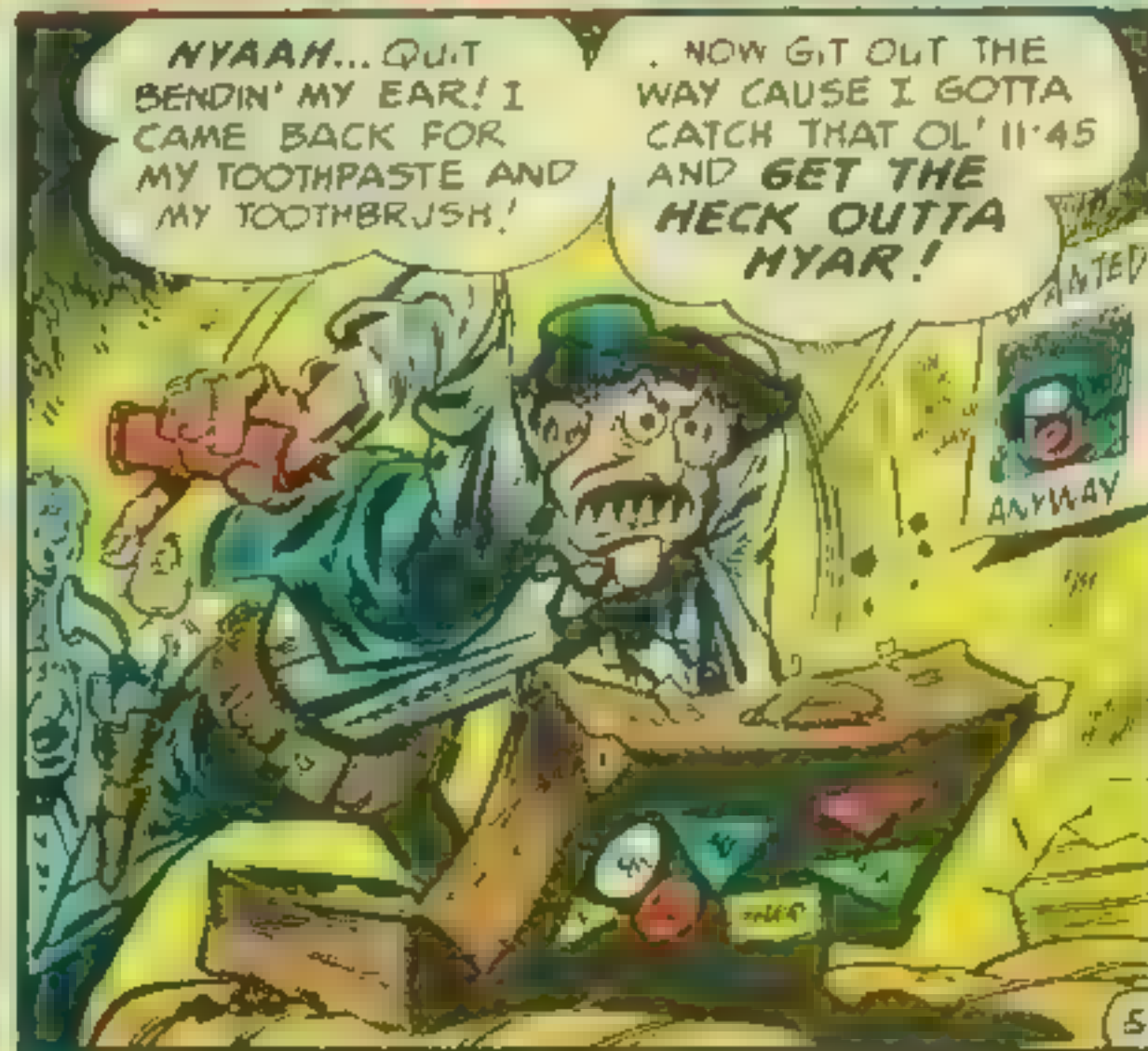
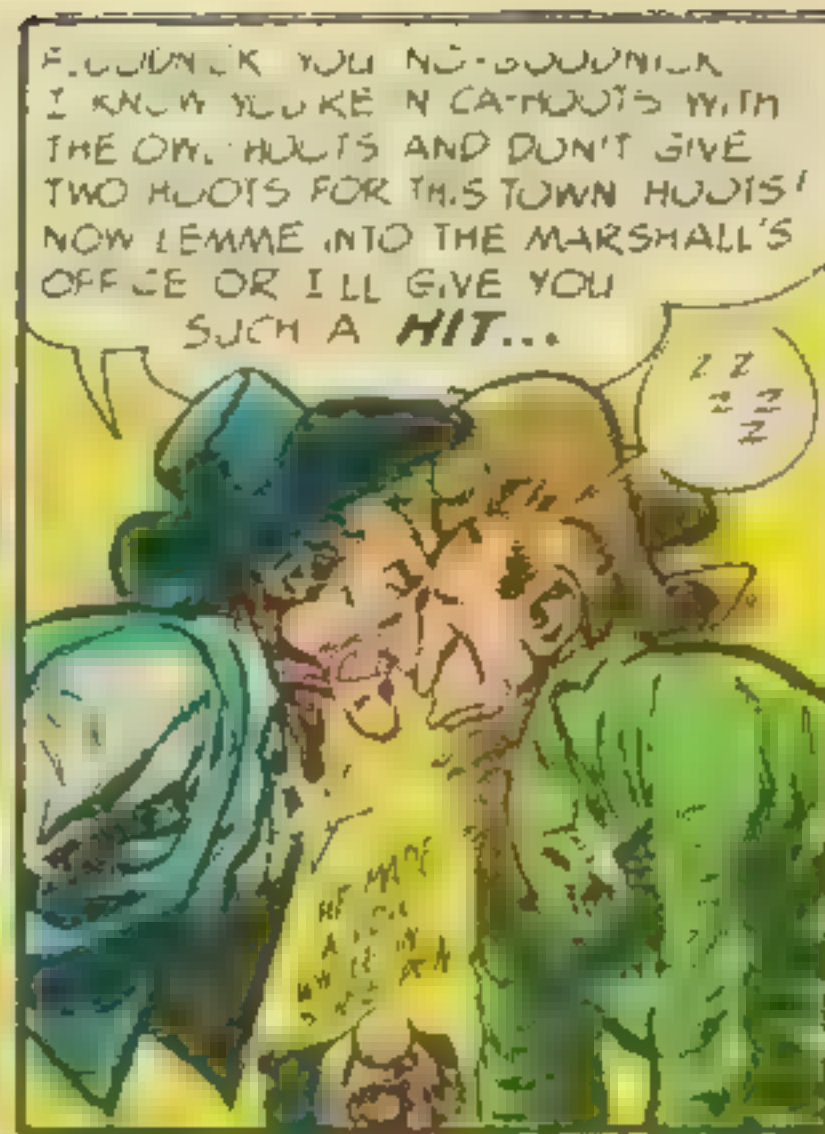
DO NOT
FORGET
ME

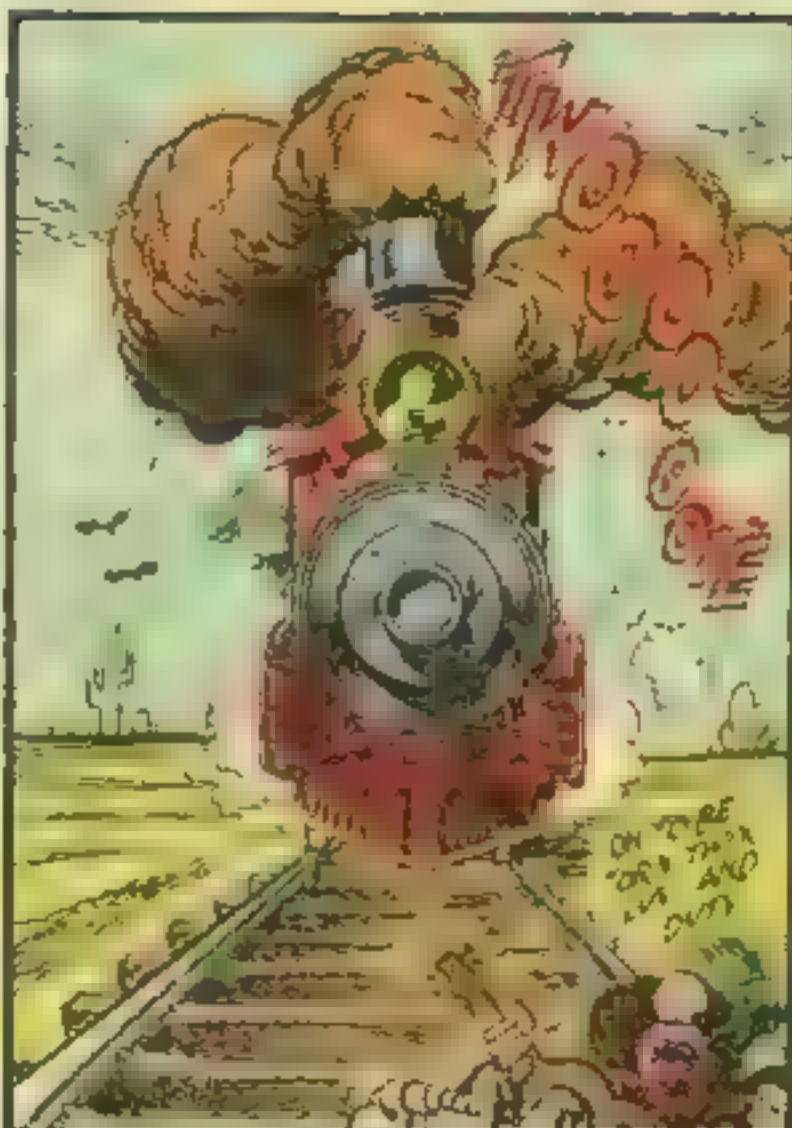
WANT
DEAD











..LOADED WITH DUM-DUM BULLETS. KILLER! **HAW!** WHEN WE GET FINISHED WITH **KANE** HE WON'T EVEN BE GOOD FOR A **WALKING-STICK!**... AND DON'T WORRY 'BOUT NO TROUBLE FROM HIM KILLER! HE IS UPSTANDING AND HONEST AND HE WILL NEVER EVER SHOOT US AS LONG AS OUR BACKS ARE TURNED LIKE THI... **AWK!**



LISTEN, BOYS! LET'S GET REALISTIC ABOUT THIS THING!
I AM MARSHALL AND YOU ARE OUT TO GUN ME AND
I MISSED MY 11.45 O'CLOCK TRAIN OUTTA HERE AND
I CAN'T GET A POSSE! AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO
SHOOT IN THE BACK!... LOOK!... FUN'S FUN, AND I
KNOW IT'S NOT IN THE ROMANTIC WESTERN SPIRIT BUT
I GOTTA QUIT KIDDING AROUND! IF THE LOCAL
POLICE CAN'T HANDLE THIS... I JUST CALL OUT
THE NATIONAL GUARD!



WAAL...THET WUZ QUITE AN ADVENTURE, BUT I RECKON
THE EXPERIENCE TEACHES ME ONE THING! THE ONLY
THING TO FEAR IS FEAR ITSELF...OR FEAR OF **FEAR-**
ING FEAR, FOR FEARING FEAR OF FEAR OR FEARING
IS FEARING FEAR OF FEE...OF FOO FI...FEE ...

TO SUM IT ALL UP... IT'S **HERE** THAT I BELONG!
IT IS **HERE**... WHERE I SHALL STAY!... **IN**
OTHER WORDS...

**MARSHALL! HORRIBLE NEWS!
THAT WASN'T KILLER DILLER
MILLER ON THE HIGH-NOON
TRAIN! IT WAS SOMEONE ELSE!**

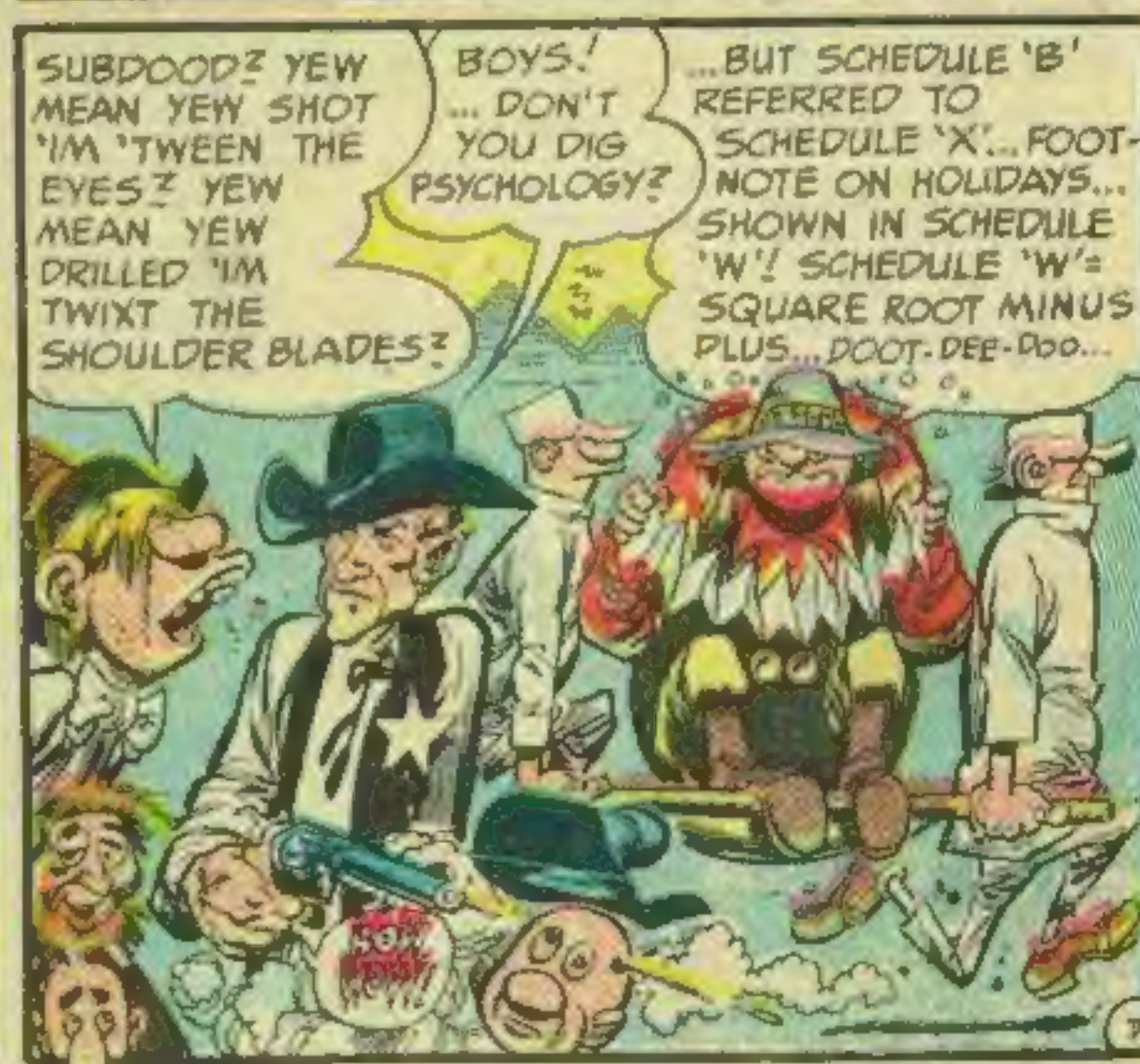
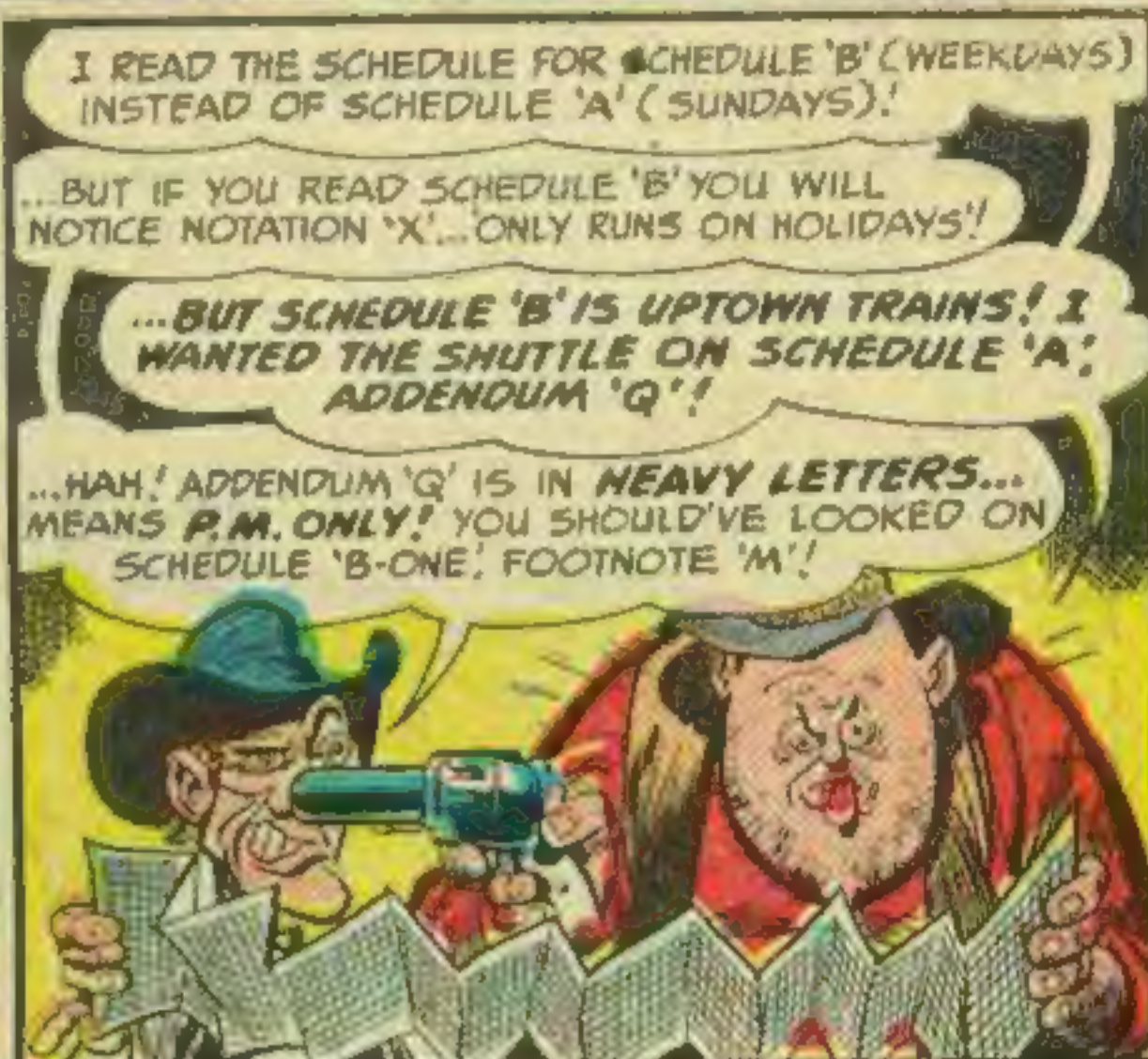


KILLER DILLER MILLER
MISSED THE HIGH-NOON
TRAIN AN' HE'S A-COMIN'
IN ON THE LOW-NOON
TRAIN!

**...IN OTHER
WORDS...**

...I'M A-
LEAVIN'!





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SEND COUPON
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CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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